

GARDENS.

Sept. 10. 27.
Four Books

First written in Latine Verse

BY

RENATUS RAPINUS.

And now made English

By J. Evelyn.



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GARDENS.

Four Books

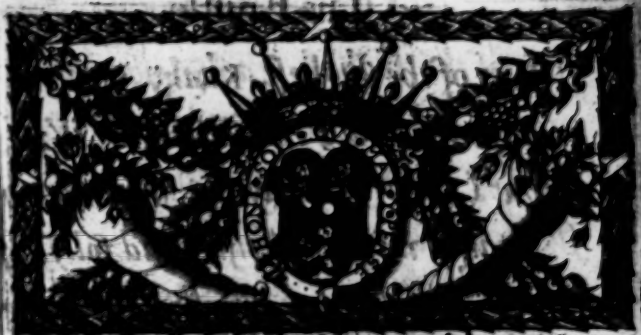
First volume in Latin Verse

by R. R. R. R.

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To the Right Honourable

HENRY

Earl of

ARLINGTON,

Viscount *THETFORD*, &c.

His Majesties Principal Secretary of
State, of his most honourable Privy
Council ; and Knight of the most
noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

T*IS* become the mode of this
writing age, to trouble Per-

A 2

sons

The Epistle

sons of the bigbest Rank, not only
with the Real Productions of Wit;
but (if so I may be allowed to
speak) with the trifles and follys of
it; bardly dos an ill Play come
fortb without a Dedication to some
great Lady, or man of Honour;
and all think themselves sufficiently
secure, if they can obtain but the
least pretence of Authority to cover
their imperfections: My Lord,
I am sensible of mine: but they
concern only myself, and can never
lessen the dignity of a Subject,
whicb the best of Poets, and per-
haps

Dedicatory.

baps the greatest Wits too, have celebrated with just applause.

I know not how, my Lord, I may have succeeded with this adventure, in an age so nice and refin'd, but the Die is cast, and I had rather expose my self to the fortune of it, then loose an occasion of acknowledging your Lordships favours, which as they have oblig'd the Father, so ought they to command the gratitude of the Son: nor must I forget to acquaint your Lordship, that the Author of this Poem address'd it to one of the most

The Epistle

Eminent Persons in France; and it were unhappy if it should not meet with the same good Fortune in England; I am sure the original deserves it, which though it may have lost much of its Lustre by my Translation, will yet recover its credit with advantage, by having found in your Lordship so Illustrious a Patron. Great Men have in all Ages bin favourable to the Muses; and done them honour; and your Lordship, who is the true Model of Virtue and Greatness, cannot but have the same inclinations.

for

Dedicatory. T

for the delights which adorn, I
those Titles; especially, when
they are innocent, and useful, and
and excellent, as this Poem is pro-
nounced to be by the Suffra-
ges of the most discerning; I
had else my Lord, suppress'd my
ambition of being in Print, and
setting up for a Poet, which is
neither my talent nor design:
But my Lord, to importune you
no further, this peice presumes not
to intrude into your Cabinet, but to
wait upon you in your Gardens at
Euston, where, if when your
Lord.

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Lordships more weighty affairs
give leave, you vouchsafe to di-
vert your self with the first Bloss-
soms of my Youth, they may by
the influence of your Lordships fa-
vour, one day produce fruits of
more maturity, and worthy the obla-
tion of

My Lord,

Your Lordships

Most dutiful,

and most obedient

Servant

J. EVELYN.

The

The Preface.

IT will doubtless appear an intollerable presumption in me to prosecute that part of the perfectest Work of all Antiquity, which was omitted by the most accomplished Poet that ever wrote. Few are ignorant of what he says in the fourth of his *Georgicks*.

Forsitan & Pingues hortos quæ cura colendi,

Ornaret, canerem, hiserique rosaria Poëti:

Quoque modo patis gauderent intybariis,

Et virides apio ripa.

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You would think in this place that *Virgil* was pleased with his own fancy, he is so fluent; nor without cause, where he is invited by the charm of so liberal a Subject. But whether he was hastened by his design'd Poem of *Bees*; or that he reserved his time for the setting forth of his *Hero*, not much after he leaves off what he had begun; yet not without a commendation of the Argument, as worthy to be handled by all posterity.

*Verum hæc ipse equidem spatiis discussus
Uniquis*

*Præterea, atque aliis post commemoranda
relinquo.*

Now to go on where so great a man left off, to treat of a matter, which if we may believe *Pliny*, was able to deter so expert a Writer, makes me fear I can scarce free my self from the guilt of an extream confidence, besides in the imitation of so divine a Pattern, I

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raise a greater expectation then I can
satisfie : And the example which I
propose to my self is not so much an
advantage to me, as it leads me to an
infallible despair. What a rashness
is it to attempt that which partly for
the difficulty of what *Virgil* has omit-
ted, partly for the excellency of
what he has perform'd, none ever yet
dared to undertake? The Culture of
Gardens also being arrived to that
height, that nothing can render it
more perfect; and their dignity is
such, that when I have done all I can, I
shall have done less then they deserve.

Nor was I a little discouraged by
the defects of the *Latine* Tongue,
since it is an insufferable arrogance to
write of a thing in *Latine*, of which
the *Latines* were wholly ignorant :
For the method of Gardening which
is now in vogue, either of disposing
Flowers in Beds, or the planting and

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ordering of Wall-Fruits, was not
used among them. But yet if I trans-
gress either through the penury of
the Language, or my own ignorance;
I am so vain as to hope, that our Age
which admires Gardens above all
others, will forgive me, if I fall short
in an Essay which none have made
trial of before me. On the other
side, I was encouraged by the kind
reception which Gardening finds eve-
ry where, even with those of the
highest and noblest rank; insomuch,
that I question whether it was ever in
greater esteem. And it was requisite
since we are grown more curious in
this affair than formerly, that some-
what of the delightful part of it
should be communicated, which as
well by the discipline of the times, as
the industry of the improvers, is come
to its utmost perfection. For cer-
tainly that symmetry of parts, which
is

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is now visible in every Garden, is that exact beauty to which nothing can be added.

I need not say much here of the nature of that Verse, in which Precepts were wont to be delivered; the *Georgicks* of *Virgil* are the best patterns of it; whose natural Ingenuity is such, as will hardly admit of that more elegant dress which I have put on; considering also the humility of that style, in which a naked and un-mixed simplicity is most sought after. I will not go about to excuse my self, since I have happened on a Subject in which *Virgil* could not easily contain himself; though it was no difficult matter for him to do it, especially in that duller part of Husbandry; in which nevertheless, as *Pliny* observes, he only cull'd the flowers of things, leaving out nothing that was capable of any splen-

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dour or ornament : hence proceeded those frequent digressions from his purpose, that he might avoid the inconvenience of being tedious, which *Marrobins* speaks of in the 5th. book of his *Saturnalia*. In the *Georgicks* (says he) after the precepts which are naturally harsh, he concludes each book with the interposition of some quicker argument ; As the first with the signs of the Weather ; the second with the praises of a countrey Life ; the third with a mortality among Cattel ; and the fourth with a pertinent story of *Orpheus* and *Aristæus*. Nor have I bin wanting in that particular : having made it my business to teach with as little rudeness as I can : and to advance the dulness of the instruction by the freedom of my fancy, that I might allay the harshness of those places, which the humility of the subject has so debased, that
other-

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otherwise they would be displeasing to the Reader.

Yet if I appear too curious : I can defend myself by the authority of all those Greeks, who have written of Flowers, or their Culture. What can be more elegant than the description which *Nicander* makes in the second of his *Georgicks* of those Gardens in the territories of *Pisa*, which were water'd by the river *Alpheus* ? In which he so often makes use of those ornaments, which Poetry derives from its fabulous times. It is almost incredible how copious and eloquent the rest are in that argument, of whom *Athenæus* makes mention in his 15th. book. Those who in verse treated of flow'ry Garlands, as *Cratinus*, *Hegeſias*, *Anacreon*, *Sappho*, *Panocrates*, *Cheremon*, *Eubulus*, and innumerable others. But I should not have so freely made use of Fables, in a matter that

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is expected to be grave and instructive: I should have inquired into the nature of Flowers and Plants, have described their properties, and estimated their virtues. I confess I should; and I think I have done so: Yet not forgetting that I act the part of a Poet, and not of a Philosopher, to gain credit by the raw simplicity of a scrupulous discourse. But though this be a middle, and more contracted way of writing, yet it sometimes takes courage, and exalts it self, that the slenderness of the matter may not make it appear too mean and dejected. To prevent which, the Soul must be excited, that so the mind (as *Anacreon* has it) being raised to a Poetique height, may breath forth divine raptures.

Not is, but is only.

But

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But the mention of the Heathen Deities, by a Christian Authour, perhaps will seem absurd to those, who are ignorant of the *Genius* of Poetry, which by the services of the gods, and a feigned terrour of their decrees, ought sometimes to elevate the mind, that it may create admiration; and for this the liberty that is usually allowed the Muses is warrant enough, if we had not that of Religion too, which neither thinks it self, or morality injured, by that licence which a Poet takes to set off the truth by the beauty and gracefulness of fiction.

I have not been so nice in Woods and Water, as in Flowers, whose charms forced me to be a little more exuberant: unless it be in some places, where it was convenient to make the excellency of Poetry shine forth in the delightfulness of Fables; that

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that so the work might not wholly labour under the barrenness of the precepts, which it treats of.

In the Orchard, I fear I have not satisfy'd their expectations, who look'd for a long Catalogue of Fruits and Apples, which are so numerous that it were endless to go about it; in describing the different kinds of Fruit, I have only touch'd the heads of things, after the example of *Virgil*, who in the second of his *Georgicks*, speaks but of a few of those wines which *Italy* afforded with so much variety and abundance; nor dos he take notice of any more then three sorts of Olives, and as many of Pears: for nothing is more abhorrent from the nature of that verse, then the hateful enumeration of particulars, which cannot but be very tedious, when it descends so low as to divide every thing into atomes, like that impertinent
work-

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workman whom Horace speaks of in
his Poems.

*Æmilium circa ludum faber imus, &
ungues*

*Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære ca-
pillis,*

Infelix operis summa.

A correct writer can never fall in-
to this error, he will rather make
choice with judgment, than be volu-
minous. But since I cannot avoid
being faulty in many things: I were
unwise if I should endeavour to excuse
all. Therefore not to tire the Reader
(whose favour I implore) with a long
Preface, I will make no more apolo-
gies for my self, but only add a word
or two of the end, that is proposed in
an instructive Poem: which as it is
the same with that of all Poetry, is
very easie. Not but that it is more
generous

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generous, then to insist wholly upon vanities and trifles: although its chief talent lies in being delightful: that which makes Philosophy it self appear wiser then other things, is the harshness, by which it renders the truth more difficult to be attain'd. The end of that Poetry is as of all the rest to teach: which as Horace intimates to *Lollins*.

*Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid
huitile, quid non
Plinius ac melius Chrysippo, & Cran-
tore dicit.*

Though *Seneca* in other things is no inconsiderate writer, yet here he is so confident a Critique, that I have no patience with him, when he censures *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*, for making it his business not so much to speak truth, as what was graceful and ornamental; and

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and to have rather aimed at the delight of the Reader, then the improvement of the Husband-man: Thus he destroys the main design of the Gentiler sort of Poetry, which was never more happily carryed on then by *Virgil*. Therefore as to this point, I value the opinion of *Seneca* but little; from whom I may appeal to the judgment of antiquity, which is ever to be revered by all wise men. It is manifest enough, how improbable it is, that a man so well seen in the works of nature, and one who acts with so much strictness in other things, should play the fool where he intends to instruct. For what is more below a generous man, then to trifle where he should teach; or to dwell upon nicety, where he promises that which is serious: and no one who is not very stupid can impute this to *Virgil*.

In *Varro* I find innumerable of the
ancients

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ancients to have written of agriculture. But, of all those none but *Menecrates the Ephesian*, and *Hesiod* wrote in verse, and *Hesiod* was the first, who as *Pliny* testifies: Thousands of years ago, in the infancy of learning, gave the first rules of Husbandry; though indeed *Hesiod* treated of the manners of men, more then the nature of things; which was what he proposed to himself: so that he acts the part of a Moralist, rather then of a true Poet: Yet he deserves infinite praise; but not so much as *Virgil*, whose performances in that kind, are above admiration. This is the reason that makes me look upon him, as one who contrary to the mode of the rest of the Poets, promises nothing of himself, but without modesty and plainness, which in my opinion, is the most approved method of a good understanding; whose clearness is the perfect accomplishment

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plishment of that wisdom, which
Horace ad Pisones requires as the stan-
dard of sound and correct writing.

*Scribendi recte, sapere est & principi-
um, & Fons.*

R A P I N U S.

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plishment of that wisdom, which
Horse and Plover requires as the stan-
dard of sound and correct writing.

Secondly, the figure of the Principi-
um, & Fens.

R A P I N O S.

O
T
Y
L

R A P I N U S
OF
G A R D E N S.

Book I.

Flowers.

O *Flowers*, a *Gardens* chiefeſt grace I ſing;
How you may *Groves* to beſt perfection
bring;

Of *Aqueducts*, of *Fruit*, the cure and uſe:

This to the world is publiſh'd by my Muſe.

Ye Gods that make the earth to fructifie,

Let no rude tempeſt now diſturb the Skie.

B

Through

Through paths by the Poetick Train untrod,
Apollo calls, though first to *Mars* show'd;
When in the end of his discourse he writes,
What most th' *Italian* fertile Soyl delights;
To till the field his thrifty Swain he taught,
Gardens to plant, left for somelater thought.

This Poets footsteps I can onely trace;
Nor dare I think to equalize his pace,
Whose heav'nly flight by nothing I pursue,
But my weak eyes, and keep him in my view.

Thou that art mine, and learnings greatest light,
Under whose influence justice shines more bright
Lamon, if with thy Laws severe defence,
And State-affairs a while thou canst dispence;
Afford my Gardens room within thy mind,
Though to the Laws and Government resign'd:

While

While with impartial sentence you decide
Causes, by int'rest, nor affection ty'd ;
While your example is to all a law,
And your own virtue vice it self do's awe ;
Yet to alleviate this sublimer care,
Grant to the Muses in your thoughts a share.
Though I perhaps to lower ends aspire,
Some kinder God may set my soul on fire ;
Then shall I sing, and publish loud your fame,
And in due numbers celebrate your name :
The *Woods* shall you, the *Fountains* you resound,
Your praise shal eccho from the fruitful ground.
My *Flowers* to your Temples shall be joyn'd,
Which for immortal Garlands are design'd.

Soyl fit for Gardens first of all prepare,
To th' East expos'd, refresh'd with wholesom air,

Where no near hill his lofty head presumes
T' advance, or noisome Fens exhale in fumes.
Where no dull vapours from the Pools infect,
Flow'rs most of all the open air affect,
But before this you ought to know the state,
And nature of the earth you cultivate,
'Tis best, where fat and clammy ground you see;
Flow'rs with rich soyl most properly agree.
This rank with weeds of a luxuriant blade,
Culture admits, and is for flowers made.
Learn that t' avoid, where deep in barren clay
The speckled *Ents* their yellow bellies lay.
Where burning sand the upper-hand obtains,
Or where with chalk unfruitful gravel reigns.
And lest th' external redness of the Soyl
Deceive your labours, and despise your toyl;
Deeply beneath the furrows thrust your spade:
Outward appearance many hath betray'd.

Earth

Earth under the green Sward may be inclos'd
To a rough sand, or burning clay dispos'd,
Some I've observ'd, who, if the ground they find
To bring forth stones or Pebbles be inclin'd,
Sift it, lest they the tender blade molest,
And by their weight the flowers be oppress'd.

Now if both earth and air answer your ends,
(For earth upon air's influence depends)
In large your prospect, nor confine your sight
To narrow bounds; Flow'rs in no shades de-
light.

Break with the Rake, if stiffer clods abound,
And with ir'n rollers level well the ground,
Nor yet make haste your borders to describe;
But let the earth the Autumn show'rs imbibe;
That after it hath felt the Winter cold,
You may next Spring turn up, & rake the mold.

This

This done, your Box in various forms dispose,
 Such as were heretofore unknown to those,
 Whose gardens nothing ow'd to modern art,
 Deckt by what kinder Nature did impart,
 Among ignobler Plants you then might view,
 Where blushing Roses intermingled grew:
 No spacious Walks, no Alleys were design'd,
 Edg'd by green Box, all yet was unrefin'd.

Flora at first was unadorn'd, and rude,
 Happ'ning at *Liber's* Orgies to intrude.
 The Feast approach'd, the neighb'ring Deities
 Were present; thither old *Silenus* hies,
 Mounted on's As, with whom the Satyrs joyn
 In drunken Bacchanals, and sparkling Wine.
 Here *Cibele* through *Phrygia* so rever'd,
 And with the rest our *Flora* too appear'd:

Her

Her hair upon her shoulders loosely plaid ;
 Or pride, or beauty this neglect had made,
 How e're it was, the other Goddeses
 Laugh'd, and despis'd the rudeness of her dress.
 This pity mov'd in *Berecinthia's* heart,
 Who griev'd to see her Daughter want that art,
 Which others us'd ; and therefore to repair
 Those imperfections, she adorn'd her hair
 With various flow'rs, her temples these inclose,
 And Box which Nature on each field bestows,
 Her Mine's now alt' red, every charming grace
 Strives to be most conspicuous in her face.

As this to *Flora* greater beauty gives ;
 So hence the Gard'ner all his art derives,
 The *Romans*, and the *Grecians* knew not how
 To form their Paths, and set their Flowers as
 now.

Goodness of air and soyl perhaps might be
 Occasions of our curiosity
 In Gardens; and the *Genius* too of *France*,
 With time, this blest improvement might ad-
 vance.

So that if you a *Villa* do desire
 With Gardens, for a skillful man enquire;
 Who with his Pensil can on Parchment draw
 The form of your intended Work. No flaw,
 No error 'scapes you: Thus deformity
 Timely appears to your considerate eye.

In thousand Figures some their Box infold,
 As was the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old.
 These artificial Mazes some reject,
 Who more the *Ebragian* Flourishes affect:
 And these as many various textures taught,
 As uncomb'd wool by *Tyrian* Virgins wrought.

Others

Others with Squares, less different, strive to
please

Themselves, in which the fragrant flow'rs with
ease,

And pleasure too, may stoop to the command
Of the spectators eye, and gath'ers hand.

I will not divers knots to you suggest,
To chuse of them which please your fancy best,
That is preferable beyond compare,
Which with the scantling of your ground doth
square.

When all things thus provided are, again
Level your ground, that, being smooth & plain,
Garden, and borders both may even be,
Admitting no irregularity.

As soon as snowy Winter disappears,
In planting Box employ your Labourers :

You

You must not trifle then, let no delay
Retard, when Sun and temp'rate air give way:

Where smaller limits cannot this afford,
With brick they must contented be, or board:
For Box would there the flowers over-shade,
And too much of the narrow spot invade.

This rule for larger Gardens was not meant,
Where Box is thought the greatest ornament:
And howsoe're you cultivate a place;
If it wants Box, you take away its grace.

In flow'rs so great a difference we find,
Do we regard their natures, or their kind;
That a good Florist cannot do amiss,
To learn their natures, and their properties:
Chiefly the seasons when to set and Sow,
And in what soyl what Plants do use to grow.

The seeds, and sorts of flow'rs no number owns;
Neither is that of *Bulbous* roots more known.
The tenderness of some makes them desire
Propitious Spring, that then they may aspire
Into the air; while others which are bold,
Contemn North-winds, and flourish through
the cold.

These love the warmer sun; those, cooler shade.
Nor is the vigor equally convai'd
To all from th' earth; for flowers will abound
Sometimes in dry, oft in unfruitful ground.
Earth that is barren, and do's stones produce,
Though often 'tis improper, is of use
Sometimes in raising flow'rs: Therefore again
I must give warning to the Husbandman,
That he observe the seasons, and with care
Read the contents of the Celestial Sphear:
That he take notice in the monethly state,
And order, how the Stars discriminate.

What

What alterations, in the calmer air ?
The East, and troubled Southern winds prepare:
That from the Rise and Setting of the Sun,
And by the aspect of the horned Moon,
Showers to come, and tempests he presage,
And how to Heav'n we may our faith engage.
Wherein the greater and the lesser Bear
Do's your Plantations infest, or spare :
How far the *Hyads* with excessive showers,
And the *Atlantick Pleiads* hurt your flowers,
Who th' observation of the stars neglect,
Too late are sensible of their effect.
They with our labours correspondence hold,
And all the secrets of our Art infold.

To be more sure, you ought before to know
The Winds, and different Quarters whence
they blow.

Else other Gardens you in vain admire;
Though Western Breezes with the Spring con-
spire,
Yet no appearance of the Winds obey;
For most of all they now their faith betray.
If *Aries* with his golden fleece appear,
And *Zephyrus* foretells the Spring is near;
Yet some unlucky Planet menaces
The Fields, and Gardens, and disturbs the Skies.
The South-wind now against the Corn, and
Flowers,
Rages with frequent and destructive showers.
Of the remaining cold we should beware,
And see if ought of Winter hang i'th' air,
Its cruel footsteps often stay behind:
Therefore remember still to bear in mind
The Seasons that most proper are to sow;
For thus your seed will prosper best, and grow.

As

As soon as e're the knots have fill'd their space,
Left noxious weeds should over-spread the
place,
Between the Borders, and the Beds, you may
Lay Gravel, and so take the weeds away;
For if you suffer them to get to head,
Mallows & Thistles o're your walks will spread,
But let not this check your design at all;
The earth in time will be reciprocal,
No sooner has the Sun o'recome the cold,
When with astonishment you will behold
Your Gardens riches, whiter far then snow,
On a broad leaf the Primrose first will blow.
It keeps not always constant to a dye,
But loves its colours to diversifie.
The Grecian *Cyclamine* from far they bring,
The red and white both flourish in the Spring;

Woody

Woody *Zacynthus*, stony *Coritus*,
And *Corcyraan* Mountains these produce:
I'th' Summer moneths they flourish, and though
late,

In Autumn too their flowers propagate,

Theis Season soft *Fumaria* too obeys,
And in *Bavarian* Rocks it self displays
In various colours; but is known to die,
Soon as we hear th' Artill'ry of the Sky;
Blasted by Sulph'rous vapours, as if dead,
It droops, and yields to th' earth its vanquish'd
head.

Now *Iris* springs, which from the heav'ly Bow,
Is nam'd, and doth as many colours show.
Its Species, and its Tinctures different are,
According to the seasons of the year.

By

By th' coming of the Swallows we divine,
*I will not be long before that *Celandine*,
Which from that bird alone its name derives,
Favour'd by gentler Western-winds revives.

Golden *Narcissus* also now aspires ;
Who looking on himself, himself admires,
He fondly tempting the destructive Pow'r
Of Beauty, from a Boy became a Flow'r.

Nor longer can the Violets suppress
Their odours, clouded in a rustick dress ;
Girt round with Leaves, without varieties
Of colours, from the humble turf they rise.
If we may credit what the Poets write,
She was *Diana's* Nymph, her sole delight,
With her *Ianthia* follow'd in each chace,
Next to the Goddess, after none in place,

As

As she was feeding the *Pherean* Cows,
By *Phæbus* seen, in love with her he grows :
Nor could he long conceal within his breast
Loves wound, the frighted Maiden straight ad-
drest

Her self to th' Goddess. Ah ! dear sister, fly,
Said she, if you'll preserve Virginity
Untouch't : you must all open grounds forbear,
And lofty hills, for he'll pursue you there.
To Thickets, and forsaken Vales she hies,
And all alone by shady Fountains lyes.
Nor did her modesty her form depress,
But she was valued more, for her recess.
The God perceiving nothing else avail,
Attempts by theft, and cunning to prevail.
Diana then foreseeing 'twas in vain
To think with life her honour to maintain ;

Ah! let that beauty perish then, she said,
 And soon a dusky colour did invade
 The changing Nymph, who rather chose to be
 Still virtuous, though with deformity.
 The fields and lower valleys these afford,
 And among brambles of their own accord,
 They spring; nor should their site at all abate
 Of their esteem, whose value is so great.

If sharper cold give leave, about this time
 The *Hyacinth* shoots up from *Phæbus* crime,
 At Quoits he playing, by *Enrota's* side,
 Chanc'd the boy's tender temples to divide.
 The God and youth at once appalled stood;
 He through his guilt, and he through want of
 blood;
 From which, in pity of his angry fate,
 A flow'r arose, which oft do's change its state,

And

And colour; and to one peculiar kind,
No more then to one season is confin'd.

Now Meadow-Saffron divers colours yields;
And on a slender stalk adorns the fields.

Th' earth grown by reason of internal heat,
Patient of Culture, let your Gard'ner set
In beds prepar'd, what Seeds he do's intend
For Summer, and with care their growth attend.
As Linum, Caltha, Lychnis, Cyanis,
Malva, Delphinium, and Anthemis,
With fragrant *Melilot* for seed receiv'd,
In ground before prepar'd, may be reliev'd,
If th' earth defective be by being drest,
Or by refreshing streams if drowth molest:
It were an endless labour to set down
The flow'rs, which in the Spring are to be sown

The moister Spring makes all in time appear;
And shews the hopes of the succeeding year.

Then, above all the flowers in the bed,
The Crown Imperial elevates his head:
Around him all the num'rous vulgar spring;
As if they humbly would salute their King.

Beneath the top a golden Crown is plac'd;
This by a verdant tuft of leaves is grac'd:
Four flow'rs, with leaves inverted to the earth,
Do from one stalk alone derive their birth.
Nor would there any other this excell,
If to its Beauty, were but added Smell.

Let not your Tulips, through the vernal
show'rs,
Make too much haste, to spread abroad their
flow'rs.

For th' heavy aspects of the Moon would prove,
With frost pernicious to them which love
To flourish most; when Winters cold gives way,
And glad some Sun shine do's serene the day.
Then on the beds in thicker ranks they stand,
And in the air their spotted leaves expand.
Their beauty chiefly from their colour flows;
For whither on the leaves they do inclose
A snowy whiteness intermixt with red;
Or like the Crimson Bloud a Purple shed;
Or the deep Murrey into Wan decay'd;
Like a pale Widow under a black shade;
Or in strip'd strakes with py'd *Achates* vies,
The Tulip from the rest still bears the prize:

Though now a flow'r, yet *Dalmatis* before,
Hard by *Timavus* Sping a blew Nymph bore;

This was her mother: changing *Proteus*
Her Father was; whose fickle *Genius*
She follows, when *Vertumnus* had searcht o're
The world, at last near to *Timavus* shore,
In the *Illyrian* bounds, the Maid he sees;
And while with flatt'ring words he strives to
please

His Mistress, she from his addresses flies,
Though in her colours he diversifies
Himself, yet still she frustrate his desires;
And would not nourish his unlawful fires.
At last, in hopes this would all doubts remove,
He tells her he's a God, a God in love.
Yet she persists; which causes him to try
By force to make the tender Maid comply:
Now she implores the Gods, and by their pow'r
T' avoid the ravisher, becomes a flow'r.

The ornaments and fillets which adorn'd
Her head and golden hair, to leaves were turn'd.
Where her breast was, a slender stalk do's grow'
Girt with a tuft of spreading leaves below ;
In an orbic'lar figure, like a Cup,
Upon this stalk a flower rises up,
Consisting of six leaves, which proudly show
The different colours Nature can bestow.

This Nymph, though now a Flower, cannot yet
Her fancy for strange colour'd clothes forget.

In the worst mold this flower better thrives ;
And barren earth miraculously gives
More beauty to it, then a fertile ground,
And when least strong, it is most comely found'
If to your Tulips you will adde more grace,
'Tis best to set them in a fainter place.

For if you put them in a richer bed,
The goodness of the soyl will make them red,

When out of ev'ry bed the flow'rs disclose
Themselves, if that the humid South-wind
blows,
Or from the drier North if *Boreas* move,
Bring Garlands to the Altars; for they love
With these to be adorn'd. Thus *Glycera*
Appeas'd great *Jove*, and did the storms allay,
A flow'ry Wreath was then the ornament,
With which the modest temples were content.
Profuseness had not on the vulgar gain'd;
And Vows to lesser bounds were then restrain'd.

I by my own experience do find,
That a wet *April* with a Southern wind,

Destroys

Destroys the horror of the Spring again,
And makes our early expectations vain.
Throughout the *Sabine* Valleys heretofore
Bath'd all in Wine, the Shepherds us'd to adore
Celestial *Pales*: Hay was th' Offering,
Which for their Seed & Cattle they did bring;
The Chaff consum'd th' Infernals to appease:
Them with their Februan Rites they strove to
please.

That Moneth o're which the Ram is president,
Brings forth the *Bellides*, the ornament
Of Virgins now, though heretofore they were
Nymphs of the Meads themselves; among
them are
Those of the Woods, whose stalks discriminate
Their Species, from them which propagate

Them-

Themselves in Gardens, made of finer threads,
On lesser stalks these shew their painted heads.

The white *Etianrian Iris* now appears;
But those are yellow, *Lusitania* bears:
One, for its figure, is by some desir'd;
The other, for its colour, more admir'd.

With leaves condens't on the *Iberian* hills
Exalted high, now springs the *Daffodills*;
And Water-mint in moister vales we find,
For Garlands fit, when 'tis with Myrtle joyn'd.
With its three colours too the flow'r of *Jove*
We see, which had it Smell, would equal prove
To th' Violets: *Adonis* also flow'rs,
Whose loss *Idalian Venus* so deplores.

And thou *Ranunculus*, whose fame resounds
Among the Nymphs that dwell in *Lybian* bounds.

Thou/

Thou through the fields in parti-colour'd dress
Aspir'st, thy paleness do's thy thoughts confess,
The love-sick youth once with the same desire
Inflam'd himself, and set the Nymphs on fire.

These flow'rs with easie culture are content;
The Mattock, Rake, or other Instrument,
They trouble not; for if with fast'ned root
Into the air they once but dare to shoot,
The bed once made, by wat'ring them you gain
So much of pleasure for so little pain.

Nor yellow *Caltha* with their paler light
Would I forget, shew'd first to *Acis* sight
On the *Sicilian* shore; which from the Sun,
Towards which they look, draw their complexion.

With curled threads, and top divided now
Along the margin of your borders grow

Stock-Gilly-flow'rs, whose blushing leaf may
fear,

And justly too, the sharpness of the air.

Therefore because they cannot well preserve

Themselves against ill weather, they deserve

A place in earthen pots ; the best defence

Against the North, and Winters violence.

Then if *November* with its horrid show'rs

Should rage, it cannot prejudice your flow'rs.

For thus dispos'd, when danger menaces,

To warmer sheds they are remov'd with ease.

Our fields may now of that *Sambucus* boast,

Which first was borrow'd from the *Geldrian*

Coast ;

Its candid flow'rs when they themselves dilate,

Do most the swelling *Roses* imitate.

To make the year prove kind, *Postumius*
I'th' *Mayan* Calends first did introduce
The Rites of *Flora*; for the Husbandman
In Rural matters newly then began
T'employ himself, his hair with Privet bound;
About the place the Floral Rites resound,
Swains to their Temples pleited Garlands joyn;
Then new-blown flow'rs they offer'd at the
Shrine

O'th' Goddess, for such Off'rings as these
Did best the Mother of the flow'rs appease.
But when the Ram, who boldly heretofore
Upon his back essay'd to carry o're
His *Helle*, disappears, from other seed
Another race of flow'rs will succeed.

If with kind aspects gentle *Mercury*
Favour his mother *Mais* from the Sky;
If the *Olenian* Goat no storms portend,
And no black showers from the clouds descend;
Now, more then ever, will the wanton ground
With all the *Species* of Herbs abound.
The prickly Hedges now their Odours give;
And *Tam'ricks* with their precious leaves revive.
Soft *Cicer* too will flourish, and green Broom,
With *Colocasia* which from *Egypt* come;
Acanthus girt with knots, and thorns, we see,
And bright *Parthenium*, with Rosemary,
Triorchis, Sage, and Parsley, once the Meed,
Which to the *Isthmian* Victor was decreed;
Dames Violets appear, with Meadow-Rue;
Among the *Alps Phalangium* we pursue.

Through *Allobrogian* Vales *Isopyrum*,
Time, *Rhamnus*, *Houflock*, and *Antirrhinum*,
With woody Nard, *Arcadian Moly* that
Which *Homers* Poems so much celebrate.
By the same culture these we raise from Seed:
With them invest your fields, let ev'ry bed
Be then replenisht; for a naked space
The honour of your Garden would disgrace.
The Seasons known, next learn how deep in
mold
You ought the seeds of flowers to infold.

Among high branches lofty Piony
Proudly aspires, stain'd with a Crimson-dye.
A colour, as it guilty odours show,
Its crimes, and not its blushes did bestow.
A happy Nymph, if her more peaceful hours
Had not been troubled by divine amours;

Mortal

Mortal addresses she refus'd, as vain,
 Guarding *Alcinous* sheep upon the Plain.
 And nothing yet perhaps had made her yield,
 Till an immortal Lover won the field.

Convolvulus disdaining to be bound
 With divers flow'rs dilated, now is found
 In the moist Vales ; then mighty Nature
 wrought,
 While Lillies once employ'd her busie thought,
 A little work, if with the rest compar'd ;
 When she to greater things her self prepar'd.

Blew-bottle, Lark-spur, of their own accord
 Now in the fields their diff'rent leaves afford.
 Painted *Blattaria*, pois'nous *Acanite*
 Wolfs-grass, wild *Basil*, Fennel which delight

In various forms and colours all, and now
Along the borders all their beauties show,

These, and a thousand others will contend
T' enrich your Garden; Odours too ascend
Spreading themselves through the serener air,
Where gentle breezes strive to bless the year.
This makes the fertile Meadows all rejoyce,
And *Philomela* with her charming voice,
And this invites the wanton flocks to play,
As they amidst their fruitful Pastures stray,

Who could be so unkind as to perswade,
I should for th' Town forsake my Countrey-
shade?

Such joys I'll ever love, and should be glad
At those delightful Rivers to be staid,

Near thee, O *Tours*, between the *Cher* and *Loire*,
 Where we the Rural Miracles admire
 Of *France*. Thou native Soyl of Gardens
 hail!

To the *Sorrentine* Hills, the *Sabine* Vale,
 Or the *Oebalian* fields thou giv'st not place,
 Thee soft *Ferentum*, nor the *Bantine* Chace
 Excell, nor what *Phalantus* did possess,
 Or the sweet shades which happy *Tibur* blest.

Besides the Coast with Streams and Foun-
 tains grac't,

And on each side vast tracts of Meadows plac't;
 The neighb'ring Hills all set with Vines, the
 Town,

Which its rich merchandizes so renown;
 The peoples inclinations, whose soft clime
 Ha's rendred them polite, they spend their time

In filken works ; here shady Woods are seen,
 And Meadows cover'd with eternal green :
 Gardens, as if immortal, ne're decay,
 And fading flow'rs to fresher still give way.

Such is Saint *German's*, which the Pow'rs of
France

Inhabit, or the Vale of *Mammorance*,
 Such fields are wash'd by th' *Sein* ; *Medun's* like
 this ;
 And such Saint *Cloud*, with famous *Ruglis*,

The Pensile Gardens of *Semiramis*,
 The Orchard kept by the *Hesperides*,
 Whose Apples watch'd by Dragons are be-
 liev'd,
 Or vain *Elysium* of the *Greeks* receiv'd ;

Cannot approach the Streams, and Groves,
 which *France*
 Adorn, or the proud Structures which advance
 Her Fame, where pow'rful Art with Nature
 strives,
 And Rivers into large Canales derives.

From *Taurus* front in *June* the *Hyades*
 Appear, and lowring clouds disturb the Skies;
 With prayers therefore you must Heaven appease,
 And by devotion make the tempests cease:
 Then will the earth be spangled o're anew,
 And high-topt *Lychnis* brings it self in view.
Asphodel too, by learned *Hesiod* priz'd,
 Whose roots out temp'rate Ancestors suffic'd,
 Next these the greater *Cyanus*, which bring
 Their name of old from a *Bizantine* King.

The Shield-leav'd *Cresse*, and *Cityssus* both
sain'd,

In humane figures to be once contain'd;

The first, a famous *Dardan* Hunter was;

The last, a Shepherd of the *Argive* race.

Like the Cone-bearing *Cypress* now we see
Linaria, which obtain'd in *Italy*

A better name, by them call'd *Belvedere*;

Nor *Aquilegia* longer can defer

To flow'r, its leaves a Violet-purple stains,

With *Anthemis*, as long as *Taurus* reigns,

It grows: The flow'r of *Helen* too ascends,

Which in it self both colours comprehends.

That *Helen* ancient *Ilium* did destroy;

Her eyes, and not the *Greeks*, set fire on *Troy*.

She *Asia* fill'd, and *Europe* with alarms,

And her high quarrel put the world in arms.

Then *German Fox-glove*, with discolour'd rays,
And lovely *Calamint* it self displays:

Thryallis, *Anthura*, *Aethiops*,

With *Scylla*, whose thrice flow'ring signifies,

Like *Lentisk*, the three Seasons fit to plow.

Lytrum, obscure *Cerynthe*, All-heal too

Will shew it self, known by its *Tyrian* dye,

With multitudes of the ignobler fry.

Now I perceive from whence these Odours

flow;

While on the *Roses* kinder *Zephyrs* blow.

Out of the prickly stalk the *Purple-flow'r*

Springs, and commands the vulgar to adore.

The *Garden-Queen* do's now her self display,

Soiling the lustre of the rising day.

And

And *Cynthia* too withdraws her wearied fight,
 Grown pale, and vanquish'd by excess of light.
 She, who not yet had spread her tender leaves,
 Impatient now of her confinement, cleaves
 Thru' all impediments; her form divine
 Speaking her justly of a Royal Line.
 Her blushing modesty would make you guess,
 That she was chaste, if not her Virgin-dress.
 Therefore since *Bloud and Virtn* so agree,
 It shews her Chasteness, and her Majesty.

The *Amazonians* falsely do combine
 Among themselves to place this *Heroine*.
 Falsly, I say; for she's to *Greece* allow'd,
 Where Sea-girt *Corinth* to her Scepter bow'd.
 Fame of her Beauty spreads through ev'ry
 place,
 And Kings themselves pay homage to her Face.

Warlike *Halesus* first of all arrives,
Then high-born *Briar*, who himself derives,
From seven-fold *Nile*, next Ax-arm'd *Arche*
hies,

Cover'd with Laurels, proud of Victories;
Which after various perils undergone,
His conqu'ring arms on *Theban* Plains had won.
All these he prostrates at her Royal Feet,
In hope such Offerings might acceptance meet.

Proud of her Beauty, she replies, her charms
Yield not to such mean Arts, but manly Arms.
No longer hearkens to their idle vows,
But in the midst of armed Troups she goes
To *Phælus*, and his sisters fane, desires
Diana's aid against immodest fires.
The furious Lovers now with force attaque
The Queen, the Temple-doors they open break.

From

From whence repell'd, their Mistress makes
 them feel

The dire effects of her intraged steel.

Perhaps her courage, more then feminine,
 Mingled with modest blushes made her shine
 More splendidly; or else some fresh supplies
 Of lightning were conspicuous in her eyes.
 Something there was that had amaz'd the rude
 And duller *Genius* of the multitude:
 For with loud shouts they daringly prefer
Rhodanthes name before *Diana's*: her
 They now adore, and in the Goddess stead,
 Cry out *Rhodanthe* shall be deified:
 When learn'd *Apollo* from the Azure Sky
 Beheld *Rhodanthes* great impiety,
 With vengefull flames, that did obliquely glide,
 He makes her curse her sacrilegious pride.

Close

Close to the Altar now her feet are join'd;
Which spreading roots do yet more firmly
bind.

Her arms are boughs; and though she senseless
grows,

Yet great and comely in her change she shows;

She had not less perfection, then before;

And fair *Rhodante* is as fair a flow'r.

Happy, if she had never merited

Those honours which to her destruction led.

Apollo's vengeance stops not coldly here;

The irreligious vulgar now appear

Transform'd to thorns; which in that shape

contend

With dreadful points *Rhodante* to defend.

Into a Butter-fly *Halesus* goes;

Arcas a Drone; while valiant *Bris* grows

A Caterpillar ; who with one consent
 Their former Mistress in new shapes frequent.

And though this flow'r be justly plac'd above
 All others, yet it do's not lasting prove,
 Thus the best things do soonest bend to Fate ;
 And nothing can be durable that's great.

I cannot all the *Species* rehearse
 Of Roses, in the narrow bounds of Verse.
 Some curl'd, some wav'd about the top are
 found,
 And others with a thousand leaves are crown'd ;
 Through which the flaming colours do appear.
 Others are single, nor t'infist on here
 Either the *Damask*, or *Numidian* Rose,
 Or *Cistus*, which in *Lusitania* grows.

Roses unarm'd, if you the earth prepare,
 May be produc't, but they in danger are;
 Because unguarded; for what excellence
 Can be secure on earth without defence?
 Though *Salimca* to the Roses yields,
 Yet it will adde some beauty to our fields.

These flow'rs are quickly subject to decay,
 And when *Orion* shines, they fade away.
 In Pots the candid *Hyacinths* remain
 Intire, which from their tub'rous roots obtain
 Another name; our Merchants those of late
 From the far distant *Indies* did translate:
 Their station first in *Italy* they had;
 And then to *Rome*, and *Lathum* were convey'd,
 From whence all *Europe* ha's been furnish'd,
 where
 In ev'ry Garden now they domineer.

Not onely boasting of the native Snow,
Which decks their front, but of their Odours
too.

If ever any flow'rs you admire,
These above all will greatest care require.
In earthen *Vas's* when they are secure,
The shocks of wind and rain they best endure.
And lest the parching rayes of *Sirius* prove
Destructive, you must soon your flow'r remove
Into your house; nor think it labour lost,
That cannot be unworthy of your cost;
Which, to adorn, and to augment our store,
By Sea we borrow from the farthest shore.

Nor *Cymbalum* will long be wanting found
With Purple Flow'rs inverted to the ground.

The onely nar'ral difference we see
 Of them, and Lillies since their smells agree,
Chrysanthes next with radiant threads appears,
 Its leaf a deep *Sidonian* tincture bears.
 And though *Amaracus* at first may seem
 Unworthy of a place in your esteem,
 Contemn it not; for it will recompence
 The want of form, in pleasing th' other sence.
Venus with fragrant smell did heretofore
 Indue this Plant hard by deep *Sinuis* shore.

Yarrow will now a thousand leaves expose,
 And Summer *Iris* various colours shows.
 With, *Malva*, *Linum*, yellow *Mellilot*,
 And red *Ononis* too; whose binding root
 Do's oft the tardy Husbandman molest,
 And stops the progress of his lab'ring beast.

The Nymphs may now frequent the verdant Meads,
And make them pleited Chaplets for their heads:

Their hands, and Ozier baskets may be fill'd
With flow'rs, which spread themselves o're
ev'ry field.

But let all Nymphs that tragick use avoid,
By which th' *Egyptian* Queen her self destroy'd.

When vanquish'd *Antony* from *Actium* ran,
Leaving *Augustus* th' Empire of the Main;
She fearing to adorn his victory,
Rather chose death, then living infamy.

But lest her resolutions should be known,
Beneath the flow'rs the pois'nous *Asps* were
thrown.

*Thus she expir'd in death with pleasure blest,
Applying fatal Serpents to her breast,*

Flowers in many things convenient are;
Our Tables, and our Cupboards we prepare
With them; and better to diffuse their scent,
We place them in our Rooms for ornament.
By others into Garlands they are wrought;
And so for off' rings to the Altars brought.
Sometimes to Princes Bankets they ascend,
And to their Tables fragrant Odours lend;
*As oft they serve to grace a temp'rate Mest,
where the content is more, the plenty less.*

Nor want there those, who with sublime
skill,
In hollow Limbecks flowers can distill.
Now with a slow, now with a quicker fire
They work, which makes the vapor strait aspire
To

To the cool brass, whence heated once anew,
It gently trickles into Pearly dew.

The Spirit thus of flowers is convey'd
To Water, and by trial stronger made.

Unguents from them are drawn, such as of old
To rub the hair *Capuan* *Seplasia* fold;
Capua, whose soft delights, and pleasing charms
Prov'd worse then *Canna* to the *Punick* arms.
Where *Hannibal* that enemy to peace,
Indulg'd himself to luxury and ease.

Painting it self, from flow'rs we derive,
Whose colours did the first examples give.
By *Glycera* *Panfiades* thus taught,
Painted the different flowers which she brought
From them, & by the care of those that weave,
Such great improvements figur'd Silks receive.

E

And

And from that Nectar which the flow'rs contain,
Industrious Bees their Honey too obtain,

I should too tedious be, if I should sing
The mighty aids which herbs and flowers bring
To the Diseases men are subject to :
For these the Gods with virtue did indue.

Near *Paris*, where the rapid *Seine* do's glide,
In a *sub urban Villa* did reside
A single man ; his Garden was his Wife ;
And his delight a solitary life.
Few Acres were the limits of his land ;
No costly Tapestry his walls prophan'd :
And yet he was as satisfi'd as those,
On whom too partial fortune oft bestows

Her

Her greatest favours, since 'tis not excess,
But moderation causes happiness,
From Regions far remote he flowers brought,
And wholesome herbs on distant Mountains
sought.

Into his Garden these he did translate,
And to his friends their qualities relate,

He could not long enjoy his solitude,
Fame soon attracts the neighb'ring multitude,
Who importune him that he would impart
His skill, and not conceal his pow'rful art,
Those who of shortness in their breath com-
plain'd,

And in whose bowels scorching Feavers reign'd,
Some for ill humors, joynts ne're standing still,
And beating at the heart, implor'd his skill.

Those, whom Physicians long had given o're,
 He by reviving Med'cines did restore,
 But he that could renew lost health agen,
 Deserves the praises of a better Pen.

Peruvian Granadil in Summer blows,
 Which near the *Amazonian* River grows:
 Nature her self this flowers leaves divides
 Into three parts, and waves them on the sides,
 From a tall stalk sharp prickles it do's send,
 Like those that do the Holy Thorn defend
 With triple-pointed leaves resembling those
 Accursed Nails, which fix'd Christ to the
 Cross.

Next painted *Meleagris*, *Echinum* shew
 Themselves with *Rumex*, *Adiantum* too,

And *Hesperis* ; to which the influence
Of *Phæbus* various colours dispenſe.

Lovely Carnations then their flow'rs dilate ;
The worth of them is, as their beauty, great.
Their Smell is excellent ; a God below
Restrains the swelling leaves, which curled grow
Divided too ; this flow'r exacts our care :
For if th' extremes of heat or cold the air
Molest too much, they're blasted in their birth,
Unable to aspire above the earth.
Morning and evening therefore you must chuse
To water them, or else their charms they lose.

Hemerocallis next we see, whose name
Deservedly from its short duration came.
Its flowers always do obliquely bend,
And into purple leaves themselves extend.

With numbers of them all your Garden store,
While they are fresh you will admire them
more.

If pois'nous *Orobanche* should by chance,
Among the rest, its noxious head advance,
Let not your Cattle eat it, lest they find
Too late the dire effects it leaves behind.
Cows set on fire by its pernicious taste,
Without delay, straight to ingender haste.
Whole flocks besides, as if they were untam'd,
Stray through the Woods with lustful rage inflam'd.

High *Matricaria* on long branches shows
Her candid flow'rs : about them *Thlaspis* grows.
Thlaspis was once a *Cretan* youth ; he lov'd
This Nymph, & their amours had happy prov'd

If fate had crown'd their innocent delights,
With less unlucky *Hymeneal* Rites,

Chamedris near cold Springs new vigour takes,
Nature its leaves like saws indented makes.

Two sorts of the wild *Orchis* now appear;
And on their leaves two different colours bear.

Within a while your Garden waxes white,
And snowy flowers will surprize your sight.

For if the Summer do's not late arrive,
On verdant stalks the Lillies will revive.

France more then any Nation has preferr'd
This flow'r, some say, from *Phrygia* 'twas transferr'd

By *Francus*, sprung from *Hector*; full o' th' fame
Of his great Ancestours; that his own name

Might be extoll'd, remoter Climes he fought,
And settling here to us our Lillies brought.
But our Forefathers, by Tradition, prove
They fell, like the *Ancile*, from above.
Saint *Clodovans*, who did first advance
The Doctrine, and the Faith of Christ in *France*,
With his pure hands receiv'd the heav'nly gift
And to the care of his Successors left;
That it should be preserv'd from age to age
His Kingdoms Ensign, and prædestin'd Badge.
These Arms shall flourish, when propitious fate
In lasting peace shall on great *Lewis* wait.
When he th' affrighted world shall have compos'd,
And all the wounds of war and tumult clos'd;
When fraud and murder he ha's put to flight,
And with firm Leagues he shall mankind unite.

Now

Now for past loves unhappy *Clytie* grieves,
And paleness from the parching Sun receives.
Sh' aspires o're other flow'rs, in hopes, by chance
Her former lover might vouchsafe a glance.

Crocus, and *Smilax* too in *June* appear,
Which heretofore did humane bodies wear.
Their tufted heads when Poppies have expos'd,
And th' earth for new productions is dispos'd;
To make her riches in more splendour shine,
In the same flower different colours joyn.
To *Eleanian Ceres* Poppies owe
Their rise; with purple leaves some higher
grow:
But the white kind a dye, like silver, yields,
Shewing the modest treasures of the fields.

The Seeds to Med'c'nal uses are applied,
 And often in Diseases have been tried.
 Sometimes short-winded Coughs they moderate,
 And welcome sleep in sickly men create.

In Greece *Eryngus* is deserv'dly sought;
 Born in a Womans Breast, while green, 'tis
 thought
 An antidote against all lustful fires;
 And to allay a Husband's wild desires.
Phaon did thus his *Sappho's* love obtain,
 If the records of time may credit gain.

But while the Dog-star rages in the Sky,
 And cruel Clouds their wonted show'rs deny,
 When burning *Phæbus* lengthens out the days,
 Scatt'ring the dew by his refulgent rays;

Lest all your Plants should at the root decay,
 And wanting moisture quickly fade away;
 From neighb'ring Fountains flow your Garden
 o're,

Such vital drops will life again restore.

For now *Aurora* no refreshment gives,

No humid dew the dying grass relieves.

Among the flow'rs, which late i'th' year arrive,
 Immortal *Amaranthus* will survive.

For at that time an unknown multitude

Of vulgar flowers will themselves extrude.

Coryza, Horminum, Hedyсарum,

Angelica, small Henbane, Apium,

Marchmallows, Woad, Armeria, Clematis,

With trembling *Coriander, Barberry,*

Both the *Abrotanums, Myrbe, Centory,*

Slender *Melissa, Sium, Cicory,*

Euphthalmum, *Stachys*, *Hysclampus*, &c. &c. &c.
 And spotted *Calendole* their flow'rs produce.
Mint, and *Nigella* too ; with these we see
 The Summer thus and Autumn still agree
 To fructifie, and thus the year goes round,
 While ev'ry season is with flowers crown'd.

The golden *Attick* Star in Meadows reigns,
 So term'd by *Greece* ; but by the Latine Swains,
Amellus : In wet Vales, near Fountain fides,
 It grows, or where some crook'd *Maander*
 glides.
 In making nooses it is useful found,
 When the ripe Vintage hangs upon the ground.

Purple *Narcissus* of *Japan* now flow'rs,
 Its leaves so shine, as if with golden showers

It had been wet; which makes it far out-vy
The lustre of *Phœnician* Tapestry.
Therefore t'augment the grace of *France*, 'tis fit
This flow'r into our Gardens we admit.
'Tis true, it hardly answers our desires
At first, but longer culture still requires.
Yet let not this occasion our despair,
When once it blows, 'twill recompence our
care.

The Box about the borders, ev'ry year,
About the Spring, or Autumn always shear.
It's best to let the Boughs be mollifi'd
By rain, which makes them easier to divide.

But you must know, that flowers are not all
Deduc'd at first from one original :

For some alone from tub'rous roots proceed,
From *Bulbous* some, and others rise from seed.

The Beds we in *October* should disclose,
And on large floors the *Bulbous* roots expose
To th' air, that the Suns rays may then attract
That moisture which in Summer they contract,
By lying under ground; thus purg'd and clean,
After some time they may be set agen.
And better to resist the Winters cold,
They must be deeply buried in their mold,

But with less care we set the tub'rous root,
That of its own accord will downward shoot.
While others if not deeply plac'd are lost,
As well by drowth, as by the piercing frost.

Perhaps your stupid lab'ers may not know
The Seasons that convenient are to Sow,
Therefore you must observe, if *Scorpio* meet
Erigone, and move his lazie feet.

When the hoarse Crane cuts th' air with tardy
wing,

And makes the Clouds with horrid clangor ring.

Then's the best time of all to plant your flow'rs,

If humid Autumn but with mod'rate show'rs

Some days before refresh the parched face

Of th' earth, which in its bosome will embrace

The *Bulbous* roots, and kindly warmth infuse,

Supplying ev'ry branch with quick'ning joyce

But lest the rain should stagnate, and be found
By its unequal wetting of the ground.

Hurtful to th' roots, by swelling banks you may
All the superfluous water drain away.

Our lab'ers thus the Royal Gard'ner taught;
From him, this way of planting flow'rs they
brought.

In all that could improve, or grace the field,
In all the arts of Culture he excell'd.

By the Moons face you should the Seasons
know,

O're tempests she, the air, and earth below
An influence ha's, if she her Orb displays,
Piercing the opacous Clouds with silver rays.
When with soft breezes she inspires the air,
And makes the winds their wonted rage for-
bear.

Till it be Full Moon, from her first increase,
The Season's good; but if she once decrease,

Stir not the earth, nor let the Husbandman
Sow any seed; when Heav'n forbids, 'tis vain.
You must obey, when th' heav'nly Signs invite,
Have the *Parrhasian* Stars still in your sight,
Which less than any do their lustre hide;
And best of all the erring Plowman guide.

Some in preparing of their seed excell,
Making their flow'rs t' a larger compass swell.
Thus narrow bolls with curled leaves they fill,
Helping defective nature by their skill.
Others are able by their powerful art,
New odours, and new colours to impart;
To change their figures, to retard their birth,
Or make them sooner cleave their Mother
Earth.

These pleasures are with small expence and ease
Obtain'd, if such delights your fancy please.

Spite of hot *Sirius Tanacetum* lives,
 And, while he burns the fields, in *Africk* thrives;
 Its lovely colours, and thick foliage
 Will also flourish through the Winters rage.
 This flow'r great *Austrian Charls* did heretofore
 Besieging *Tunis*, from the *Punick* shore
 Transmit to *Spain*. When frost first binds the
 ground,
 And sharp *December* spreads its ice a ground
 I th' *Scythian* Clime, in the *Sarmatian* fields,
 Distracting *Hellebore* black flowers yields,
 And yellow *Aconites* on th' *Alps* appear,
 Others at other seasons of the year.

Now *Persian Cyclamine*, and *Lawrel* blows,
 Which on the bank of winding *Mesa* grows,

Broad-leav'd *Nerassus*, and green *Sonchas* live,
 With *Crocus*, which from *Jura* we derive.
 The late *Narcissus* in these Months we find,
 And Winter *Hyacinths*, but from the wind,
 And killing frost, to save your flowers, draw
 Over your beds a covering of warm straw,
 Thus they avoid the Winters violence,
 Till the kind Spring renews its influence.
 What angry Deity did first expose
 To the rough tempests, and more rigid snows,
 The soft *Anemone*, whose comely grace
 A gentler season, and a better place
 Deserves. For when with native purple bright
 It shews its leaves to the propitious light,
 With different colours strip'd, and curled flames
 Encompass'd, it our love and wonder claims.

There is not any other that out-vies
This flowers curled leaves, or num'rous dyes;
Nor the *Sidonian* art could e're compose
So sweet a blush, as this by nature shows.

Flora inrag'd, because she was so fair,
Banish't this Nymph into the open air;
She was the boast and ornament of *Greece*,
But beauty seldom meets with happiness.
So't prov'd to her; for whilst the careless Maid
To take the air, about the fresh fields stray'd:
Straight jealous thoughts the angry Goddess
move;

Angry her Husband *Zephyrus* should love
Ought but her self; th' effects of her disdain
On *Anemone* light; her form in vain
Adorns her now, to that she ow'd her fate:
Less beauty might have made her fortunate:

Thus

Thus she who once among the Nymphs excel'd,
Transform'd is now the best of flowers held,

While *Venus* for her lov'd *Adonis* griev'd,
After he had his mortal wound receiv'd;
Her onely comfort in this flow'r remain'd;
For from his streaming bloud, when she had
drain'd

All that was humane, and had sprinkled o're
The corps with sacred juyce, from the thick gore
Immediately a purple flow'r arose,
Which did a little recompence her loss.

This flowers form and colours so invite,
That some whole cases full of turf delight
To sow with seed; which when they first arise,
With colours pleasingly confus'd surprise.

Victorious *Gasts* to this flower did grace,
 That in his *Luxemburgh* he gave it place;
 Call'd for the Pots; nor could at meals refrain,
 With it himself and Court to entertain.

These in the Winter you should cultivate,
 That so upon the beds they may dilate
 Their precious flow'rs, which only can restore
 Your Gardens life; for when the frost before
 Destroy'd without repulse, these triumph still,
 And conquer that which all the rest do's kill.
 When others with dejected leaves do mourn,
 And wet *Aquarius* do's discharge his urn;
 This with illustrious purple decks the fields,
 But if her *Zephyrus* kind breezes yields,
 She'l flourish more; by which we well may find,
 That to each other they are yet inclin'd.

While

While with succeeding flow'rs the year is
crown'd,

Whose painted leaves enamel all the ground ;
Admire not them, but with more grateful eyes
To Heaven look, and their great Maker prize,
In a calm night the earth and heaven agree,
There radiant Stars, here brighter Flow'rs we
see.

White with burning flowers the year is

known.

Whole painted, wet ground all the ground;

Admire not them, but with more grateful eyes

To them who stand and then their Maker praise.

In a calm night the earth and heaven agree,

There radiant stars, here brighter flowers we

see.

R. 171.

R A P I N U S
OF
G A R D E N S.

Book II.

W O O D S.

Long rows of Trees and Woods my Pen
invite,
With shady Walks a Gardens chief delight:
For nothing without them is pleasant made;
They beauty to the ruder Countrey adde.

Ye Woods and spreading Groves afford my
 Muse
 That bough, with which the sacred Poets use
 To adorn their brows; that by their pattern led,
 I with due Laurels may impale my head.

Methinks the Oakes their willing tops incline,
 Their trembling leaves applauding my design;
 With joyful murmurs, and unforc't assent,
 The Woods of *Gaul* accord me their consent.
Citharon I, and *Menthus* despise,
 Oft grac't by the *Arcadian* Deities;
 I, nor *Molochus*, or *Dodona's* Grove,
 Or thee crown'd with black Oakes, *Calydon* loves;
Cyllene thick with Cypresses too I fly;
 To *France* alone my *Genius* I apply.

Where noble Woods in ev'ry part abound,
And pleasant Groves commend the fertile
ground.

If on thy native soyl thou dost prepare
T' erect a *Villa*, you must place it there,
Where a free prospect do's it self extend
Into a Garden; whence the Sun may lend
His influence from the East; his radiant heat
Should on your house through various windows
beat:

But on that side which chiefly open lies
To the North-wind, whence storms and show'rs
arise,

There plant a wood; for, without that defence,
Nothing resists the Northern violence.

While with destructive blasts o're cliffs & hills
Rough *Boreas* moves, & all with murmurs fills

The

The Oke with shaken boughs on mountains
rends,

The Valleys rore, and great *Olympus* bends,

Trees therefore to the winds you must expose,
Whose branches best their pow'rful rage oppose

Thus woods defend that part of *Normandy*,
Which spreads it self upon the *Brittish* Sea.
Where trees do all along the Ocean side
Great Villages and Meadows too divide.

But now the means of raising woods I sing;
Though from the parent Oke young shoots
may spring,
Or may transplanted flourish, yet I know
No better means then if from seed they grow.
'Tis true this way a longer time will need,
And Okes but slowly are produc'd by seed:

Yet

Yet they with far the happier shades are blest;
For those that rise from Acorns, as they best
With deep-fixt roots beneath the earth descend,
So their large boughs into the air ascend,
Perhaps because, when we young Sets translate,
They lose their virtue, and degenerate.
While Acorns better thrive, since from their
birth
They have been more acquainted with the earth

Thus we to Woods by Acorns Being give:
But yet before the ground your seed receive,
To dig it first employ your Laborer;
Then level it; and, if young shoots appear
Above the ground, sprung from the cloven bad,
If th' earth be planted in the Spring, 'tis good
Those weeds by frequent culture to remove,
Whose roots would to the blossoms hurtful prove
Nor

Nor think it labour lost to use the Plow:
 By Dung and Tillage all things fertile grow.
 There are more ways then one to plant a Grove,
 For some do best a rude confusion love:
 Some into even squares dispose their trees,
 Where ev'ry side do's equal bounds possess
 Thus boxen legions with false arms appear
 As Chéfs, and represent a fact of war,
 Which sport to *Schaccia* the *Italians* owe;
 The painted frames alternate colours show.
 So should the field in space and form agree,
 And should unequal bounds divided be.
 Whether you plant yong *Sets*, or *Acorns* sow,
 Still order keep; for so they best will grow,
 Order to ev'ry tree like vigour gives,
 And room for the aspiring branches leaves.
 When

When with the leaf your hopes begin to fade,
 Banish all wanton Cattle from the wood.
 The browsing Goat the tender blossom kills;
 Let the swift Horse then neigh upon the hills,
 And the free Herd still in large Pastures tread;
 But not upon the new-sprung branches feed,
 For whose defence Inclosures should be made
 Of twigs, or water into rills convey'd.
 When ripening time has made your trees dilate,
 And the strong roots do deeply penetrate,
 All the superfluous branches must be fell'd,
 Lest the oppressed trunk should chance to yield
 Under the weight, and so its spirits lose
 In such excrescencies, but as for those
 Which from the stock you cut, they better
 thrive,
 As if their ruine caus'd them to revive.

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 Which from the stock you cut, they better
 thrive,
 As if their ruine caus'd them to revive.

And the flow Plant, which scarce advanc'd its
head,
Into the air its leavy boughs will spread:

When from the fastned root it springs amain,
And can the fury of the North sustain;
On the smooth bark the shepherds should indite
Their rural strifes, and there their verses write.

But let no impious axe prophane the woods,
Or violate the sacred shades; the Gods
Themselves inhabit there. Some have beheld
Where drops of bloud from wounded Oakes
distill'd:
Have seen the trembling boughs with horrow
shake!

So great a conscience did the Ancients make

To cut down Oakes, that it was held a crime
 In that obscure and superstitious time,
 For *Driopeius* Heaven did provoke,
 By daring to destroy th' *Aemonian* Oke;
 And with it it's included *Dryad* too:
 Avenging *Ceres* here her faith did show
 To the wrong'd Nymphs, while *Erisichthon* bore
 Torments, as great as was his crime before.
 Therefore it well might be esteem'd no less
 Then Sacrilege, when ev'ry dark recess
 The awful silence, and each gloomy shade,
 Was sacred by the zealous vulgar made,
 When e're they cut down Groves, or spoil'd
 The Trees;
 With gifts the Antients *Pales* did appease.

Due honours once *Dodona's* Forrest had,
 When Oracles were through the Oakes convoid,

G

When

When woods instructed Prophets to foretell,
And the decrees of fate in trees did dwell,

If the aspiring Plant large branches bear,
And Beeches with extended arms appear ;
There near his flocks upon the cooler ground
The Swain may lie, and with his Pipe resound
His loves ; but let no vice these shades disgrace :
We ought to bear a rev'rence to the place.
The boughs, th' unbroken silence of a wood,
The leaves themselves demonstrate that some
God
Inhabits there, whose flames might be so just,
To burn those groves that had been fired by lust
But through the woods while thus the Ru-
sticks sport,
Whole flights of Birds will thither too resort ;

Whole

Whose diff'rent notes and murmurs fill the air :
 Thither sad *Philomela* will repair ;
 Once to her sister she complain'd, but now
 She warbles forth her grief on ev'ry bough :
 Fills all with *Terens* crimes, her own hard fate ;
 And makes the melting rocks compassionate.
 Disturb not birds which in your trees abide,
 By them the will of Heav'n is signified :
 How oft from hollow Oakes the boading Crow,
 The winds and future tempests do's foreshow.
 Of these the wary Plowman should make use ;
 Hence observations of his own deduce :
 And so the changes of the weather tell.
 But from your Groves all hurtful birds expell.

When e're you plant, through Oakes your
 Beech diffuse ;

The hard Male Oake, and lofty *Cerrus* chuse.

While *Esculus* of the mast-bearing kind,
Chief in *Ilicean* Groves we always find.
For it affords a far extending shade;
Of one of these some times a wood is made.
They stand unmov'd, though winter do's assail,
Nor more can winds, or rain, or storms prevail.

To their own race they ever are inclin'd,
And love with their associates to be joyn'd.
When Fleets are rigg'd, and we to fight prepare,
They yield us Plank, and furnish arms for war.
Fewel to fire, to Plowmen Plows they give,
To other uses we may them derive.
But nothing must the sacred Tree profane:
Some boughs for Garlands from it may be ta'ne.
For those whose arms their Countrey-men pre-
serve,
Such are the honours which the Oakes deserve.

We know not certainly whence first of all
 This Plant did borrow its original,
 Whether on *Ladon*, or on *Menalus*
 It grew; if *sat Chaonia* did produce
 It first, but better from our Mother Earth,
 Then modern rumours we may learn their birth
 When *Jupiter* the worlds foundation laid,
 Great Earth-born Giants Heaven did invade.
 And *Jove* himself, (when these he did subdue,)
 His lightning on the factions brethren threw.
Tellus her sons misfortunes do's deplore;
 And while she cherishes the yet-warm gore
 Of *Rhaecus*, from his monstrous body grows
 A vaster trunk, and from his breast arose
 A hardned Oke; his shoulders are the same,
 And Oke his high exalted head became.

His hundred arms which lately through the air
 Were spread, now to as many boughs repair,
 A sevenfold bark his now stiff trunk do's bind;
 And where the Giant stood, a Tree we find.
 The earth to *Jove* strait consecrates this Tree,
 Appeasing so his injur'd Deity;
 Then 'twas that man did the first Acorns eat.

Although the honour of this Plant be great,
 Both for its shade, and that it sacred is;
 Yet when its branches shoot into the Skies,
 Let them take heed, while with his brandish'd
 flame,
 The Thund'rer rages, shaking Natures frame,
 Left they be blasted by his pow'rful hand,
 While Tamarisks secute, and Mirtles stand,

The other parts of woods I now must sing ;
With Beech, and Oke, let Elm, and Linden
spring.

Nor may your Grove the Alder-tree disdain,
Or Maple of a double-colour'd grain.

The fruitful Pine, which on the mountain stands,
And there at large its noble front expands ;

Thick-shooting Hazle, with the Quick-beam
fer,

The Pitch-tree, Withy, Lotus ever wet ;

With well-made trunk here let the Cornel
grow,

And here *Orician Terebinthus* too ;

And warlike Ash : but Birch and Ewe repress ;

Let Pines and Firrs the highest hills possess :

Brambles and Brakes fill up each vacant space

With hurtful thorns ; in your fields Walnuts
place.

And hoary Junipers, with Chesnuts good,
 VVith hoops to barrel up *Lyons* blond.

The difference which in planting each is found,
 Now learn, since th' Elm with happy verdure's
 crown'd:

Since its thick branches do themselves extend,
 And a fair bark do's the tall trunk commend;
 VVith rows of Elm your garden or your field
 May be adorn'd, and the Suns heat repell'd;
 They best the borders of your walks compose;
 Their comely green still ornamental shows.

On a large flat continued ranks may rise,
 VVhose length will tire our feet, and bound
 our eyes.

The Gardens thus of *Fountain-bleau* are grac'd
 By spreading Elms, which on each side are
 plac'd.

VVhere

Where endless walks the pleas'd spectator
views,

And ev'ry turn the verdant Scene renews,

The sage *Corycian* thus his native field
Near swift *Oobalian Galeas* till'd.

A thousand ways of planting Elms he found,

With them he would sometimes inclose his
ground:

Oft in directer lines to plant he chose;

From one vast tree a num'rous offspring rose,

Each younger Plant with its old Parent view,

And from its trunk like branches still arise,

They hurt each other if too near they grow;

Therefore to all a proper space allow.

The *Thracian Bard* a pleasing Elm-tree chose,
Nor thought it was below him to repose

Beneath

Beneath its shade, when he from hell return'd,
And for twice-lost *Enrydice* so mourn'd.

Hard by cool *Hebrus Rhodop'* do's aspire;

The Artist, here, no sooner touch'd his lyre,

But from the shade the spreading boughs drew
near,

And the thick trees a sudden wood appear.

Holm, Withy, Cypress, Plane trees thither press

The prouder Elm advanc'd before the rest;

And shewing him his wife, the Vine, advis'd,

That Nuptial Rites were not to be despis'd.

But he the counsel scorn'd, and by his hate

Of Wedlock, and the Sex, incurr'd his fate.

High shooting *Linden* next exacts your care;
With grateful shades to those who take the air.

VWhen

When these you plant, you still should bear in
mind

Philemon and chaste *Baucis*: These were joyn'd
In a poor Cottage, by their pious love,
Whose sacred ties did no less lasting prove,
Then life it self. They *Jove* once entertain'd,
And by their kindness so much on him gain'd,
That, being worn by times devouring rage,
He chang'd to trees their weak and useless age.
Though now transform'd, they Male and Fe-
male are,

Not did their change ought of their Sex impair.
Their Timber chiefly is for Turners good,
They soon shoot up, and rise into a wood.

Respect is likewise to the *Maple* due,
Whose leaves, both in their figure, and their hue,

Are like the *Linden* ; but it rudely grows,
 And horrid wrinkles all its trunk inclose.

The Pine, which spreads it self in ev'ry part,
 And from each side large branches do's impart,
 Addes not the least perfection to your Groves ;
 Nothing the glory of its leaf removes.

A noble verdure ever it retains,
 And o're the humbler plants it proudly reigns !
 To the Gods Mother dear ; for *Cybele*

Turn'd her beloved *Atys* to this Tree.
 On one of these vain-glorious *Marsyas* died,
 And paid his skin to *Phæbus* for his pride.

A way of boring holes in Box he found,
 And with his artful fingers chang'd the sound.
 Glad of himself, and thirsty after praise,
 On his shrill Box he to the shepherds plays.

With thee, *Apollo*, next he will contend,
From thee all charms of musick do descend.
But the bold Piper soon receiv'd his doom,
(*who strive with Heaven never overcomes.*)

A strong made nut their apples fortifies,
Against the storms which threaten from the
Skies.

The trees are hardy, as the fruits they bear,
And where rough winds the rugged mountains
tear,

There flourish best : the lower vales they dread,
And languish if they have not room to spread.

Hazle dispers'd in any place will live :
In stony grounds wild Ash, and Cornel thrive ;
In more abrupt recesses these we find,
Spontaneously expos'd to rain and wind.

Alder

Alder, and Withy, chearful streams frequent,
 And are the Rivers onely ornament.
 If ancient Fables are to be believ'd,
 These were associates heretofore, and liv'd
 On fishy Rivers, in a little Boar,
 And with their Nets their painful living got,
 The Festival approach'd; with one consent
 All on the Rites of *Pales* are intent:
 While these unmindful of the Holy-day,
 Their Nets to dry upon the shore display.
 But vengeance soon th' offenders overtook,
 Persisting still to labour in the Brook.
 The angry Goddess fix'd them to the shore,
 And for their fault doom'd them to work no
 more.
 Thus to eternal idleness condemn'd;
 They felt the weight of Heaven, when con-
 demn'd.

The

The moisture of those streams by which they
stand,

Indues them both with power to expand

Their leaves abroad; leaves, which from guilt
look pale;

In which the never-ceasing Frogs bewail.

Let lofty hills, and each declining ground,
(For there they flourish) with tall Firs abound.

Layers of these cut from some ancient Grove,

And buried deep in mold, in time will move

Young shoots above the earth, which soon
disdain

The Southern blasts, and launch into the Main.

But in more even fields the Ash delights,

Where a good soyl the gen'rous Plant invites.

For from an Ash, which *Pelion* once did bear,
Divine *Achilles* took that happy Spear,
Which *Hector* kill'd, and in their Champions
Fate
Involv'd the ruine of the *Trojan* State.
The Gods were kind to let brave *Hector* dye
By arms, as noble, as his enemy.
Ash, like the stubborn Heroe in his end,
Always resolves rather to break then bend.

Some tears are due to the *Heliades*;
Those many which they shed deserve no less,
Griev'd for their brothers death in Woods they
range,
And worn with sorrow into *Poplars* change.
By which their grief was rend' red more divine,
While all their tears in precious *Amber* shine.

These

These, with your other Plants, still propagate:
 'Tis true indeed they are appropriate
 To *Italy* alone, and near the *Po*,
 Who gave them their first being, best they
 grow;

Into your Forrests shady Poplars bring,
 Which from their seed with equal vigor spring;
 Rich Groves of Ebony let *India* show;
Judea Balsoms which in *Gilead* flow:
Persia from trees her silken Fleeces comb;
Arabia furnish the *Sabote* Gum;
 Whose odours sweetness to our Temples lend,
 And at the Altar with our pray'rs ascend:
 Yet I the Groves of *France* do more admire,
 Which now on Meads, and now on hills aspire.

I not the Wood-nymph, not the Pontick Pine
Esteem, which boasts the splendor of its Line;
Or those which old *Lycæum* did adorn;
Or Box on the *Cytarian* mountain born:
Th' *Idean* Vale, or *Erimanthian* Grove,
In me no reverence, no horreur move;
Since I no trees can find so large, so tall,
As those which fill the shady Woods of *Ganæ*.

VWhen from the cloven bud young boughs
proceed,
And the Mast-bearing trees their leaves do
spread,
The pestilential air oft vitiates
The seasons of the year, and this creates
VWhole swarms of Vermin, which the leaves
assail,
And on the woods in num'rous armies fall.

Creatures

Creatures in different shapes together joyn'd,
 The horrid Eruc's, Palmer-worm design'd
 With its pestif'rous odours to annoy
 Your Plants, and their young offspring to de-
 stroy.

Remember then to take these plagues away,
 Lest they break out in the first show'rs of May.

From planting new, and lopping aged trees,
 The prudent Ancients bid us never cease:
 Thus no decay is in our Forrests known;
 But in their honour we preserve our own.
 Thus in your fields a sudden race will rise,
 Which with your Nurseries will yield supplies;
 That may agen some drooping Grove renew:
For trees like men have their successors too.

Their solid bodies worms and age impair,
And the vast Oke give place to his next heir.
While such designs employ your vacant hours,
As ordering your woods, and shady bow'rs,
Despise not humbler Plants, for they no less,
Then trees, your Gardens beauty do increase,
With what content we look on Myrtle Groves!
On verdant Laurels! There's no man but loves
To find his *Limon*, with *Acanthus*, thrive.
To see the lovely *Phyllirea* live;
With *Oleander*. Ah! to what delights
Shorn Cypress, and sweet *Gelsemine* invites,

If any Plain be near your Garden found,
With Cypress, or with Horn-beam hedge it
round.

Which

Which in a thousand Mazes will conspire,
And to recesses unperceiv'd retire.

Its branches, like a wall, the paths divide ;
Affording a fresh Scene on ev'ry side.

'Tis true, that it was honour'd heretofore ;
But order quickly made it valued more,
By its shorn leaves, and those delights which
rose

From the distinguish'd forms in which it grows ;
To some cool Arbor, by the ways deceit,
Allur'd, we haste, or some oblique retreat :
Where underneath its umbrage we may meet
With sure defence against the raging heat.

Though Cypresses contiguous well appear,
They better shew if planted not so near.
And since to any shape, with ease, they yield,
What bound's more proper to divide a field ?

Repine not *Cyparissus*, then in vain;
For by your change you glory did obtain,

Silvanus and this Boy with equal fire
Did heretofore a lovely Hart admire;
While in the cooler Pastures once it fed,
An arrow shot at random struck it dead.
But when the youth the dying beast had found,
And knew himself the author of the wound,
With never ceasing sorrow he laments,
And on his breast his grief and anger vents.
Silvanus mov'd with the poor creatures fate,
Converts his former love to present hate,
And no more pity in his angry words,
Then to himself th' afflicted youth affords.
Weary of life, and quite oppress'd with woe,
Upon the ground his tears in channels flow,

Which

Which having water'd the productive earth,
The Cypress first from thence deriv'd its birth,
With *Silvan's* aid; nor was it onely meant
T' express our sorrow, but for ornament.

Chiefly when growing low your fields they
bound,

Or when your Gardens *Avenues* are crown'd
With their long rows; sometimes it serves to
hide

Some Trench delining on the other side.

Th' unequal branches always keep that green,
Of which its leaves are ne're devested seen.

Though shook with storms, yet it unmov'd re-
mains,

And by its trial greater glory gains.

Let *Phyllirea* on your walls be plac'd,
Either with wire, or slender twigs made fast.

Its brighter leaf with proudest *Arravies*,
And lends a pleasing object to our eyes,
Then let it freely on your walls ascend,
And there its native Tapestry extend.

Nor knows he well to make his Garden shine
With all delights, who fragrant *Jassemine*
Neglects to cherish, wherein heretofore
Industrious Bees laid up their precious store.
Unless with poles you fix it to the wall,
Its own deceitful trunk will quickly fall.
These shrubs, like wanton Ivy, still mount
high,
But wanting strength on other props rely.
The pliant branches which they always bear,
Make them with ease to any thing adhear.
The pleasing odors which their flow'rs expire,
Make the young Nymphs and Matrons them
desire,

Those

Those to adorn themselves withall; but these
To grace the Altars of the Deities.

With *forreign Fassemine* be also stor'd,
Such as *Iberian Valleys* do afford :

Those which we borrow from the *Portuguese*;
With them which from the *Indies* o're the Seas
We fetch by ship; in each of which we find
A difference of colour, and of kind.

Though gentle *Zephyrus* propitious proves,
And welcome Spring the rigid cold removes;
Haste not too soon this tender Plant t' expose,
Your Gardens glory, the rash Primrose, shows
Delay is better; since they oft are lost,
By venturing too much into the frost.

The cruel blasts which come from the North
wind,

To over-hasty flow'rs are still unkind,

Let

Let others ill create this good in you,
 Without deliberation nothing do.
 For this will scarce the open air endure,
 Till by sufficient warmth it is secure.

No Tree your Gardens, or your Fountains
 Adorns, then what th' *Atlantick Apples* bore.
 A deathless beauty crowns its shining leaves,
 And to dark Groves its flower lustre gives.
 Besides the splendour of its golden fruit,
 Of which the boughs are never destitute;
 This gen'rous Shrub in Cases then dispose,
 Made of strong Oke, these little woods com-
 pose;
 Whose gilded fruits, and flow'rs which never
 fade,
 A grace to th' Countrey and your Garden adde,
 Proud

Proud of the treasures Nature ha's bestow'd.
 When snowy flow'rs the slender branches load,
 And straying Nymphs to gather them prepare,
 Molest them not; but let your Wife be there;
 Your Children, all your Family employ,
 That so your house its orders may enjoy:
 That with sweet Garlands all may shade their
 brows;
 For in their flow'rs these Plants their vigor lose
 Suffer the Nymphs to crop luxuriant trees,
 And with their fragrant wreaths themselves
 to please.
 Such soft delights they love; then let them still
 With their fresh-gather'd fruit their bosoms fill,
 These Apples *Atalanta* once betray'd:
 They, and not Love, o'rcame the cruel Maid.

These were the golden Balls which slack'd her
pace,

And made her lose the honour of the race,

But these sweet smells, and pleasant shades
will cease,

Nor longer be your Gardens happiness ;

Unless the hostile winter be repress'd,

And those strong blasts sent from the stormy

East,

Wherefore to hinder these from doing harm,

You must your trees with walls defensive arm.

To such warm seats they ever are inclin'd,

Where they avoid the fury of the wind,

These Plants, besides that they this cold

would shun,

Look for th' *Assyrian*, and the *Median* Sun.

In parched *Africa* they flourish more,
Then if they grow by *Strimons* Icy shore.
Lest then the frost, or barb'rous North should
blast
Your flow'rs, while all the Sky is over-cast
With duskish clouds, sheds set apart prepare,
To guard them from the winters piercing air;
Till the kind Sun these tempests do's disperse,
And with his influence cheers the Universe.
Then calmer breezes shall o're storms prevail,
And your fresh Groves shall sweet Perfumes
exhale.

These trees are various, and the fruits they
bear,
Are different too: The Limons always are
Of oval figure, underneath whose rind
A juyce ungrateful to our taste we find.

But

But though at first our Palates it displease,
 Yes better with our stomach it agrees.
 Others less sharp do in *Hetruria* spring;
 Some, that are mild, from *Portugal* we bring.
 Another sort from old *Aurantia* came,
 To which that City do's impart its name.
 Hard by *Dircan Aracynthus* lies
 This ancient Town; the Orange hence do's rise.
 To which in rind and juyce the Limons yield,
 By each new soyl new taits are oft infill'd.

Mind not the fables by the *Grecians* told
 Of the *Hesperian* Sisters, who of old
 On vast Mount *Atlas*, near the *Libyan* Sea,
 With greatest care did cultivate this Tree
 Of fierce *Alcides*, who by force brake in,
 And in the spoils o'th' *Nemean* skin,

And

And from the Dragon, who securely slept,
 Stole, with success, the apples which he kept.
 Return'd to th' *Aventine*, he sett that hill,
 With Orange-trees, which *Italy* now fill,
 But things of greater moment are behind;
 For Purple *Oleander* may be joyn'd
 With Oranges, and Myrtles; each of these
 Peculiar graces of their own possess.
 The Myrtle chiefly, which, if fame says true,
 From the God's bounty its beginning drew.

When *Venus* plac'd it in the pleasant shade
 Of the *Idean* Vales, about it plaid
 Whole troupes of wanton *Cupids*, while the
 night
 Was clear, and *Cynthia* did display her light.
 This *Citherea* above all prefers,
 And by transcendent favour made it hers.

With Myrtle, hence, the wedded pair delights
To crown their brows at *Hymeneal* Rites,
Hence *Juno*, who at Marriages presides,
For Nuptial Torches always these provide,
Eriphyle, sad *Procris*, *Phaedra* too,
And all those fools, who in *Elysium* woo,
Honour this Plant, and under Myrtle Groves,
If after death they last, recount their loves.

Proud Victors with its boughs themselves
adorn,
While round their temples wreaths with it are
worn,
Tudertus, when the vanquish'd *Sabines* fled,
Plac'd one of these on his triumphant head.
The trunk is humble, and the top as low,
On which soft leaves and curled branches grow.

Its grateful smell, and beauty so exact,
Th' admiring Nymphs from ev'ry part attract,
If too much heat, or sudden cold surprize,
Which are alike the Myrtles enemies,
You must avoid them both, and quickly place
The tender Plant within a wooden Case.
Sheds may protect them, if the cold be great,
Or watering from the Summers scorching heat,
No impious tool our tenderness allows,
To fell these groves, nor cattel here must browse

Oft *Oleanders* in great *Vasa's* live,
With Myrtles mix'd, and Oranges, and give
Some graces to your Garden, which arise
From the confusion of their diff'rent dies.

In watry Vales, where pleasant Fountains flow,
Their fragrant berries lovely Bay-trees show.

With leaves for ever green, nor can we guess
By their endowments their extraction less.
The charming Nymph liv'd by clear *Peneus* side,
And might to *Jove* himself have been ally'd,
But that she chose in virtues path to tread,
And thought a *God* unworthy of her bed.
Phabus, whose darts of late successful prov'd
In *Pythons* death, expected to be lov'd.
And had she not withstood blind *Cupids* pow'r
The fiery steeds and hea'vn had been her dow'r.
But she by her refusal more obtain'd,
And losing him, immortal honour gain'd.
Cherish'd by thee *Apollo*. Temples wear
The Bays, and ev'ry clam'rous Theater.
The *Capitol* it self; and the proud gate
Of great *Tarpeian Jove* they celebrate.
Into the *Delphick* Rites, the Stars they dive,
And all the hidden laws of Fate perceive.

They

They in the field (where death, and danger's
found;

Where clashing Arms, [and louder Trumpets
found)

Incite true courage: hence the Bays, each *Muse*,
Th' inspiring *God*, and all good Poets chuse.

Persian Lignstrum grows among the rest,
Whose azure flowers imitate the Crest
Of an *Exotick* Fowl; they first appear
When the warm Sun, and kinder Spring draws
near,

Then the green leaves upon the boughs depend,
And sweet Perfumes into the air ascend.

Pomegranates next their glory vindicate;
Their boughs in gardens pleasing charms create.

Nothing their flaming Purple can exceed,
From the green leaf the golden flow'rs proceed:
Whose splendor, and the various curls they
yield,
Add more then usual beauty to the field.
As soon as e're the flowers fade away,
Yet to preserve their lustre from decay,
To them the fruit succeeds, which in a round
Conforms it self, whose top is ever crown'd
In seats apart, stain'd with the *Tyrian* dye,
A thousand seeds within in order lye.
Thus, when industrious Bees do undertake
To raise a waxen Empire, first they make
Rooms for their honey in divided rows;
And last of all, on twigs the Combs dispose.
So ev'ry seed a narrow cell contains,
Made of hard skin, which all the frame sustains.

Neither

Neither to sharp or sweet the seeds incline
Too much, but in one mixture both conjoyn.

From whence this Crown, this Tincture is
deriv'd,

We now relate; the Nymph in *Africk* liv'd:
Descended from the old *Numidians* Race,
Beauty enough adorn'd her swarthy face;
As much as that tann'd Nation can admit,
Too much, unless her stars had equall'd it.
Mov'd by ambition she desir'd to know
What e're the Priests or Oracles could show
Of things to come, a Kingdom they dispense
In words including an ambiguous sense.
She thought a crown no less had signifi'd,
But in the Priests she did in vain confide.
When *Bacchus* th' Author of the fruitful Vine
From *India* came, her for his Concubine

He takes, and to repair her honour lost,
Presents her with a Crown, by fate thus crost,
The too ambitious Virgin ceas'd to be,
Transmitting her own beauty to this Tree.

Sharp *Paliurus*, *Rhamnus*, (which by some
Is White-thorn term'd) your Garden will be-
come.

There leavy *Caprifol*, *Alcea* too,
Th' *Idean* Bush, and *Halimus* may grow,
Woody *Acanthus*; *Ruscus* there may spring,
With other Shrubs, these skilful Gärdeners
bring

Into a thousand forms; but 'tis not fit
To tell their *Species* almost infinite.

From brighter woods the prospect may descend
Into your Garden, there it self extend

In spacious walks, divided equally,
Where the same angles in all parts agree,
In oblique windings others plant their Groves,
For ev'ry man a different figure loves.
Thus the same paths, respecting still their bound
In various tracts diffuse themselves around.
Whether your walks are strait, or crooked
made,
Let gravel, or green turf be on them laid.
The Nymphs and Matrons then in woods may
meet,
There walk, and to refresh their weary'd feet,
Into their Chariots mount, though to the young
Labour and exercise does more belong.

If close-thorn *Phylliræa* you deduce
Into a hedge, for knots the *Carpine* use;

Or into Arbors with a hollow back,
The pliant twigs of soft *Acanthus* make.
With stronger wires the flowing branches bind,
For if the boughs by nothing are confin'd,
The Tonfile Hedge no longer will excell ;
But uncontroll'd beyond its limits swell.
And since the lawless Grass will oft invade
The neighb'ring walks, repress th' aspiring blade
Suffer no grass, or rugged dirt t' impair
Your smoother paths, but to the Gard'ners care
These things we leave ; they are his business,
With setting flow'rs, and planting fruitful trees.
And with the master let the servants joyn,
With him their willing hearts and hands combine :
Some should with rowlers tame the yielding
ground,
Making it plain, where ruder clods abound.

Some

Some may fit moisture to your Meadows give,
And to the Plants and Garden may derive
Refreshing streams ; let others sweep away
The fallen leaves ; mend hedges that decay ;
Cut off superfluous boughs ; or with a Spade
Find where the Moles their winding nests have
made ;

Then close them up : Another flow'rs may sow
In beds prepar'd ; on all some task bestow :
That if the Master happens to come down,
To fly the smoak and clamour of the Town ;
He in his *Villa* none may idle find,
But secret joys may please his wearied mind.

And blest is he, who tir'd with his affairs,
Far from all noise, all vain applause, prepares
To go, and underneath some silent shade,
Which neither cares nor anxious thoughts in-
vade,

Do's

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Which neither cares nor anxious thoughts in-
vade,

Do's

Do's, for a while, himself alone possess ;
Changing the Town for Rural happiness.
He, when the Suns hot steeds to th' Ocean hast,
E're sable night the world ha's over-cast,
May from the hills the fields below descry,
At once diverting both his mind and eye.
Or if he please, into the woods may stray,
Listen to th' Birds, which sing at break of day :
Or, when the Cattle come from pasture, hear
The bellowing Oxe, the hollow Valleys tear
With his hoarse voice : Sometimes his flow'rs
invite :

The Fountains too are worthy of his sight.
To ev'ry part he may his care extend,
And these delights all others so transcend,
That we the City now no more respect,
Or the vain honours of the Court affect.

But

But to cool Streams, to aged Groves retire,
And th' unmix'd pleasures of the fields desire.
Making our beds upon the grassie bank,
For which no art, but nature we must thank.
No Marble Pillars, no proud Pavements there,
No Galleries, or fretted Roofs appear,
The modest rooms to *India* nothing owe;
Nor Gold, nor Ivory, nor Arras know:
Thus liv'd our Ancestors, when *Saturn* reign'd,
While the first Oracles in Oakes remain'd.
A harmless course of life they did pursue;
And nought beyond their hills their Rivers
knew.

Rome had not yet the Universe ingross'd,
Her Seven Hills few Triumphs then could
boast.

Small herds then graz'd in the *Laurentine* Mead;
Nor many more th' *Arician* Valleys feed.

Of

Of Rural Ornaments, of Woods much more
I could relate, then what I have before :
But what's unfinish'd my next care requires,
And my tir'd Bark the neighb'ring Port desires.

R A P I -

R A P I N U S
OF
G A R D E N S.

Book III.

W A T E R.

OF pleasant Flouds, and Streams, my
Muse now sings,
Of Chrystal Lakes, Grotts, and transparent
Springs:

By these a Garden is more charming made,
They chiefly beautifie the Rural Shade.

To

To me ye River-gods, your influence give,
If Deities in Springs, in Rivers live.

Into the secret caverns of the earth,
Where these perennial waters have their birth,
I now descend; as well to know the source,
As to explore which way they take their course:
To learn where all this liquid Treasure lies,
And whence the Channels still have fresh supplies.

Wherefore let those who would instructed be
In *Aqueducts*, their Precepts take from me.
Into th' unskilful Gard'ner I'll infuse
What may be ornamental, what of use.
You then who would your *Villa's* grace augment
And on its honour always are intent:

You

You who employ your time to cultivate
Your Gardens, and to make their glory great:
Among your groves and flow'rs let water flow;
Water, the soul of groves and flow'rs too.
He that intends to do as I direct,
Must in the Vales the scatter'd founts collect,
He into th' bowels of the earth must dive,
To find out Springs, which may the fields re-
vive,
All parch'd and dry, for else, within a while.
No grafs will live upon the thirsty Soyl.
Nor is it hard to do what you desire,
If on the neighb'ring Hills some Rock aspire,
For in such places waters always flow,
From whence you may refresh the Meads be-
lows

Thus the swift *Loir*, the *Rhine*, and the *Garonne*,
Parisian Sein, the *Sealdie*, and the *Rhone*;
The mighty *Danube* too, and almost all
The streams in nature from the mountains fall.
Whether some space be in the hollow Caves,
Made for a receptacle of the Waves;
Or that the vital air no sooner feels
Th' included cold, but it as soon distills
Into small Brooks; thus the warm Caverns
sweat

Such humid drops, as when the season's wet,
And winter has obscur'd the air again,
From marble pillars are observ'd to drain.
With dewy moisture lofty Cliffs abound,
All places weep perhaps into the ground,

And

And through the hills, help'd by the Rain and
Snows,

The water runs, still sinking as it goes,
Till forc'd for want of room, it then disdains
More narrow bounds, insulting o're the Plains.

Those before others should our credit gain,
Who would deduce all Fountains from the
Main:

Whose boundless waves the Universe embrace,
And penetrate into each vacant space,
Each cranny of the earth, as in our veins
That active blood which humane life sustains,
Is always mov'd, so th' Ocean circulates,
And into ev'ry part it self dilates.

Hence, though all rivers to the Ocean hast,
And in its depth are swallow'd up at last:

Yet these additions make it not run o're,
Or violate the limits of the shore.
Nor is the ground so close together knit,
But that its Pores and Caverns will admit
The sable waves, which sinking by degrees,
Descend into its deep Concavities.
When uncontroll'd, they gently take their
course,
But if disturb'd, they make their way by force.
Where frequent clefts the gaping earth divide,
The waters there in greater plenty slide.
Thus too fresh streams do from the sea proceed,
Which of their native Salt are wholly freed.
They through the land, and crook'd Meanders
stray,
And through uneven places force their way,

Strain'd by their soyls, through which they are
convaï'd,

They lose that brackishness which once they had

No taste, no other colour water knows,

But what alone its mother Earth bestows.

For she alone distinguishes its end,

By causing it to heal, or to offend.

Borbon and *Pugla* such Springs produce,

Which borrow from the ground a wholesome
juyce.

By drinking them, diseases reign no more,

To dying men they welcom health restore:

The Gods in nothing more their pow'r declare,

In nothing more we may discern their care.

What need of drugs? what use of Medicine?

Pains cannot, dare not conquer aids divine.

Art sure must starve ; Physicians must grow
poor,

If nature the decays of nature cure.

Let your first labour be to find a Spring,
Which from the neighb'ring hillock you may
bring.

Such places seldom fail of these supplies,

Therefore with digging you must exercise

The earth, be diligent on ev'ry side:

Then if success be to your hopes deny'd ;

If heavy sand compose the glebe, in vain

You wish for what you never can obtain.

When in their fields some have for Fountains
sought,

Which thence they to their Gardens would
have brought,

I saw their thirsty wishes unrepaid;
While the deaf Gods neglected those who
pray'd.

Where the *Medonian* hills do lose their height,
There lately dwell'd the greatest Favorite
Fortune e're had, the greatest *France* e're saw,
A hundred Plows his num'rous Oxen draw,
The Treasures of the Kingdom he commands,
The nerves of peace and war were in his hands,
To be dispos'd of, as the King thought fit,
And as the rules of Government permit,
He on th' advantage of the Hill had plac'd
A noble House, which underneath was grac'd
By a large Plain, o're which it might be seen
From *Paris*, and the Countrey too between.

No Gardens there, no Woods were wanting
found,
The spacious Prospect stretch'd it self around,
But by the grassie banks no water straid,
Nor with hoarse murmurs wanton rivers plaid.
The owner of the Seat, a thousand ways,
To find out Springs beneath the earth essays,
He left no means, no charges unapply'd:
All the efforts of art and labour try'd,
Still his desire of Fountains did increase,
And no repulses made his wishes cease,
With empty hopes he feeds his longing mind,
And sought for that which he could never find,
For though he left no place unsearch'd,
mov'd,
Yet his attempts still unsuccessful prov'd,
So hard it is, unless the Soyl consent,
To find a Spring, which done, your thanks pre-
sent To

To the kind Gods, the Rural Pow'r adore;
Do this, as I have done for you before.

Water, 'tis true, through Pipes may be convey'd
From hollow Pits; so Fountains oft are made,
By Art, when Nature aids not our designs,
The penfile Machine to a Tunnel joyns;
Which by the motion of a *Siphon* straight,
The element attracts, though by its weight
It be deprest; and thus, O *Sein*, thy waves
Beneath *Pantneuf*, the tall *Samaritan* Laves;
And pours them out above: But let all those,
Who want these helps, to him address their
vows,
Whose arm, whose voice alone can water draw,
And make obdurate rocks to rivers thaw.

Now that success may equalize your pains,
 Because the Earth the Searcher entertains
 With seeming hopes, these cautions take from
 me,
 Which may prevent too rash credulity.
 Where small declining hillocks you perceive,
 Or any soyl where Flags and Rushes live,
 Where the fat ground a slimy moisture yields,
 It weeds and prickly sedge o'respread the fields,
 There hidden Springs with confidence expect:
 For sedgy places still to Springs direct.
 The same *Coryza* which with Sea-weed grows,
 And Moss condens'd upon the surface shows,
Batrachium, and *Sium* too express
 Unerring marks of neighb'ring streams. No less
 By reedy *Calamint* we may divine.
 But you may make the scatter'd fouds combine

And

And though in different hills they were begun,
They must united to your Garden run,
If in the hanging brow of some near hill,
A copious vein be found; then if you will,
You may of lead, or earthen tiles make use,
And so the Springs into the Vales deduce.
For where the little vein you would compell,
By adventitious waters still to swell;
There hollow Vaults of Slate do best convey
The Springs themselves, and Rains which fall
that way.
Th' adjacent Brooks which ran before to waste,
Will by degrees to these Inclosures haste,
Collected there they soon the Channels fill,
Which will at length to larger currents swell.
Next that the waves may unmolested slide,
And not through rough and darksome windings,
glide;

That

That you may separate the gross sediment,
At distances with drains your course indent.
For where through even ways the stream runs
strong,
That heavy slime, which it had forc'd along,
Proceeds, till the next trench its course con-
trols,
Then intercepted sinks into the holes.
Though underground the vaulted channel goes,
Yet grates upon the top of Wells dispose,
Through which the water may its passage find,
Leaving the dirt and slimy mud behind.
No sordid mire can make it now less pure,
Since by these means 'tis rendred more secure,
What if illustrious *Medicea* calls
Arcelian Springs to the *Parisian* walls?

Though

Though her endeavours *Aqueducts* have made,
And murmuring streams on hollow bridges laid;
Yet such expences are too great for me,
Nor with my narrow fortune can agree.
With endless walls the stately Pile appears,
Which a proud row of haughty arches bears.
Within the Vault suspended waters flow,
O're cloven hills, and vales which lye below.
For with stone-walls the distances are joyn'd,
To their extent the current is confin'd.
Hence come those Springs, which all the City
blest,
The Royal bounty caus'd this happiness.
For publick work on publick souls depend;
To them no private fortune can pretend.

Such benefits from them alone are due,
Who with their treasures have profuseness too,
Though

Though your estate be great, let me advise,
That to no publick works you sacrifice,
That which your Fathers left: for he's to blame,
Who with his ruine buys an empty name.
In all such enterprizes ruine lurks;
who have not sunk themselves in Water-works?
Be modest therefore, fly from all extreams;
And in canales of tile convey your streams.
Or troughs of Alder prostrate on the ground,
For to this purpose they are useful found.

But blest is he, who can without the aid
Of lead, or tile, or troughs of Alder made,
All through his Garden neighb'ring Brooks
dispose;
Such as near *Paris* noble *Bearny* shows:

Where

Where copious *Bivara* the happy place
With swelling waves do's pleasingly embrace.
And such is *Liancourt*, so we admire
At *Borgueil* in *Anjou* the rapid *Loire*,
Which through the wide *Salurnian* Vales and
Meads,
It self with loud resounding murmurs spreads;
Abounding so with water *Polycrene*,
(If nature would have suffer'd it) had been,
Whose warbling noise the Poets now invites,
And the inspiring Muses more delights.
Nor be offended lovely Fountain, though
Through *Sancaronian* Forrests thou dost go;
Though th' unkind earth affords no smother
way,
And makes thee through uneven chambers stray.
Yet art thou welcom to *Lamen*: If-so
With thy moist springs and streams which ever
flow, Thou

Thou wouldst refresh his gardens, and agree
To wash sweet *Bavilleum*, thou wouldst be
More fortunate, thy Deity would seem
The greatest then in *Themis*'s esteem.

For where we find a lib'ral vein at hand,
And can with ease the neighb'ring waves com-
mand,
'Tis better far then Pipes of brittle lead,
Which often crack, as oft the liquor shed,
Besides confinement is an injury;
A force on water which was ever free.

But if the place you live in be so dry,
That neither Springs nor Rivers they are nigh;
Then at some distance from your garden make
Within the gaping earth a spacious Lake:

That

That like a Magazine may comprehend
Th' assembled fouds, which from the hills descend,

And all the bottom pave with chalky loam,
Since that can best the falling waves o' recome.

How to distribute Springs I now impart,
The means of spreading them, and with what art
Their motion must be guided; how restrain'd;
Your Gard'ner all these things must understand.

The docile streams will any shape put on;
A thousand different courses they will run,
All these instructions I to none refuse,
Who listen to the dictates of my Muse.

If you would have your water useful be,
Where neighb'ring Vales beneath your Gar-
den lye,

In Pipes of lead let it be closely penn'd ;
Without restraint it never will ascend.

Others do rather brazen Conduits use,
That the stiff mettall might more strength in-
fuse ;

To make th' imprison'd Element retire,

And then with greater force again aspire.

But still take heed that the included air

Within the Pipes move no intestine war :

That its fierce motion force them not to leak,

And to get loose, the empty prison break.

Therefore through spiracles the air restore,

To those wide mansions it possess before.

Thus in *Falernian* Cellars, when the Wine,

Which is the product of that gen'rous Vine,

Is pour'd into the Cask, and hoop'd about,
 They leave a vent to let the air go out:
 Were this undone, the wine would quickly fly
 Through the weak ribs, and all restraint defie

When in your gardens entrance you provide,
 The waters, there united, to divide:
 First, in the middle a large Fountain make,
 Which from a narrow pipe its rise may take,
 And to the air those waves, by which 'tis fed,
 Remitagen: About it raise a bed
 Of moss, or grass, or if you think this base,
 With well-wrought Marble circle in the place.
 Statues of various shapes may be dispos'd
 About the Tube; sometimes it is inclos'd
 By dubious *Scylla*; or with Sea-calves grac'd;
 Or by a brazen *Triton* 'tis embrac'd.

A *Triton* thus at *Luxembourg* presides,
 And from the *Dolphin*, which he proudly rides,
 Spouts out the streams: This place, though
 beautified
 With Marble round, though from *Arcneill*
 supply'd,
 Yet to Saint *Cloud* must yield in this out-shin'd,
 That there the *Hôtel d' Orleans* we find,
 The little Town, the Groves before scarce
 known,
 Enabled thus, will now give place to none.
 So great an owner any feat improves;
 One whom the King, one whom the people
 loves.
 This Garden, as a Pattern, may be shown
 To those who would adde beauty to their own.

All other Fountains this so far transcends,
That none in *France* besides with it contends.
None so much plenty yields; none flows so
high,
A Gulf, i'th' middle of the Pond do's lye,
In which a swollen tunnel opens wide;
Through hissing chinks the waters freely slide;
And in their passage like a whirlwind move,
With rapid force into the air above;
As if a watry dart were upward thrown,
But when these haughty waves do once fall
down,
Resounding loud, they on each other beat,
And with a dewy shower the *Basin* wet.
How Fountains first had being now I tell;
If any truth in ancient stories dwell.

Hard by the *Phasian* Bank, with prosperous
 Giles, on his way to the sea, while great *Alcides* sails,
 Arm'd with his Club, while great *Alcides* sails,
 A band of *Argian* youth was with him sent,
 And among them his dearest *Hylas* went.
 Near old *Ascanius* in *Bithynia* stood
 A lofty Grove of Beech: as by this Wood
 The swift Bark sails, the weary *Minys* land,
 And stretch their limbs on the inviting Sand.
 The nimble Favourite now goes in quest
 Of hidden Springs, and wanders from the rest;
 With travel tir'd he comes to one at last,
 Straight from his shoulders on the grass he cast
 The weighty Pitcher which they hither bore,
 And for refreshment sits upon the shore.
Ascanius had invited to a feast
 The neighb'ring Nymphs, fair *Isis* thither prest,
 With

With graceful *Ephyra*, th' *Inachian* Dame,
 And *Lycaonian Melanina* came,
 The Rural, and the River-Nymphs were here,
 And none were absent, whose abodes were near.
 The Charms of *Hylas* *Isis* first surprize;
 His features she admires; his sparkling eyes,
 On the green turf the weary youth repos'd:
 Now all her artifices she disclos'd;
 She uses all th' Artillery of Love,
 All that could pity or affection move;
 And though she saw but little cause, so vain
 All Lovers are, she hop'd he lov'd again.
 While he by stooping to draw water strives,
 Either the slipp'ry bank his foot deceives,
 Or by the vessels weight too much oppress,
 He tumbles in; to succour the distress
 Kind *Isis* soon approach'd; the offer'd aid
 Not with acceptance, but with scorn he paid.

Th' afflicting waves he scatters in the wind,
And wrestles with that stream which would be
kind.

Now all the other Nymphs their pray'rs unite,
And to the room with Pumice arch'd invite
The fallen boy; there promise he shall be,
As he deserv'd, a liquid Deity.

Refusing still, his arms now wearied lose
Their strength, and he a sacred Fountain grows.
To which the Nymph indulging her revenge,
(For Love repuls'd to cruelty will change)

Designs still proud, a lofty Genius gave,
That it by nature might a difference have
From other water; always might aspire,
Always, in vain, to be more high desire.
A copious fall its ruine hastens on;
And by its own ambition 'tis undone.

Mean while *Alcides* all along the Coast,

Vainly enquires for him whom he had lost :

Th' *Ascanian* Shores, the hills his name re-
sound,

The Rocks and Woods of *Hylas* echo round.

Hylas, whose change alone was the first cause,

That water rises against nature's laws.

Thus he, who the embrace of *Ifo* flies,

Was punish'd by that Nymph he did despise.

Hence spouting streams in verdant Groves

we see;

And noble Gardens to a luxury,

By Art diversify'd : for pow'rful Art

To the ambitious water can impart

Such different shapes, as great *Ruel* can boast,

Where glorious *Richlien* with excessive cost,

And pains, the waves into subjection brings;
 And still survives in Monumental Springs.
 All this he did, while he, not *Demi* reign'd,
 And *Atlas*-like the tott'ring State sustain'd.
 Here variously dispos'd the Fountains run,
 First head-long fall, then rise where they begun.
 Receive all forms, and move on ev'ry side
 With horrid noise, *Chimæra* gaping wide,
 Out of her open mouth the water throws;
 For from her mouth a rapid torrent flows,
 From her wide throat, as waves in circles spout,
 A Serpent turning sprinkles all the rout.
 A brazen Hunter watchfully attends,
 And threatening death the crooked tunnel
 bends.
 Instead of shot, thence pearly drops proceed,
 Drops not so fatal as if made of Lead.

This soon the laughter of the vulgar moves,
Whose acclamation the deceit approves.

But why should I repeat how many ways
In the deep Caves Art with the water plays?
The place grows moist with artificial Rain,
And hissing Springs, which here burst out again.
Rebounding high, streams ev'ry where sweat
through,

And with great drops the hanging stones bedew,
They who the Grotts, and Fountains over-see,
May as they please the streams diversifie,
Though the kind *Naiades* comply with those,
Who when they Grotts of Pebble do compose,
And Springs bring in, still beautifie the Cells,
With Eastern stones, or *Erythraean* shells.
Others of hollow Pumice may be made,
And well-plac'd shells may on the top be laid.

But all these arts, which modern ages own,
 Were to our happy ancestors unknown.
 These fights must be expos'd to th' peoples
 view,
 Whose greedy eyes such novelties pursue.
 To serious things you must your self apply,
 And water love in greater quantity:
 Learn how to manage it when it falls down,
 Either that like a River it may crown
 The deeper brims of some capacious Lake,
 Or the resemblance of a Pond may make.
 The tube, if wide enough, may more contain,
 And at a distance render it again.
 Plenty in Fountains always graceful shows,
 And greatest beauty from abundance flows.

Nor

Nor is the spout of water to be pois'd
One way, or in one form to be compriz'd,
It must be varied, if you pleasure seek,
Some from divided streams make showers break.
The Solar Rays and Light some represent;
Or from a twanging Bow swift arrows sent;
Others in waves from precipices cast,
More pleasure take; then rap't about as fast,
In little they *Charybdis* imitate,
Which so indangers the *Sicilian* Straight.
As in the bubbling brags, o're rustling fires,
Hot liquor boils, the water so aspires.

Where it abounds, the current there divide
Into small brooks, which o're the fields may
glide,
And into ponds these brooks must fall at last;
Lest the best Element should run to wast.

Now

Now learn how art restrains the wandring flood,
 And at due distance makes it spread abroad,
 Though to its nat'ral course the stream's inclin'd,
 And being free is hard to be confin'd;
 Yet you may soon compell it to that course,
 Which you prescribe, and make it run by force
 Through dubious errors; for it will delight
 To take false channels, having lost the right,
 By frequent windings water thus is staid,
 Till over all the field it is convoid.

So *Amymone*'s fabled to have err'd,
 As soon as *Nephtis* passion she had heard.
 Th' unhappy Virgin, fearing her disgrace,
 Follows, and flies her self with equal pace.

Perhaps.

Perhaps she had not yet the power to see,

That she was chang'd by th' am'rous Deity

Chang'd to a stream; which in her footsteps
strays,

And through *Ditche* fields its pace delays;

Rivers diffus'd a thousand ways may pass;

With hast'ning waves through the divided
grass,

Like sudden torrents, which the rain gives head,

Through *precipices* some may swiftly spread;

And in the pebbles a soft noise excite.

Some, on the surface with a tim'rous flight,

May steal; if any thing its speed retard,

Then its shrill murmurs through the fields are
heard.

Inrag'd it leaps up high, and with weak strokes

The pebbles, which it overflows, provokes.

Threat-

Threatning the bank it beats against the shore,
And roots of trees which froth all sprinkles o'er.
That slender brook, from whence hoarse noises
came,

Which as it had no substance, had no name;
When other riv'lets from the Vales come in,
Th' ignoble current then will soon begin
To gather strength; for bridges may be fit,
And by degrees great Vessels will admit.
Sometimes by grassie banks the River goes;
Sometimes with joy it skips upon green moss;
Sometimes it murmurs in exalted Groves,
And with its threats the narrow path reproves.
When 'tis dispers'd, then let the Meads be
drown'd,
Let slimy mud enrich the barren ground.
If it runs deep, with dams its force restrain;
And from the Meadows noxious water drain,
Where

Where from their fountains rivers do break
loose,

And the moist Spring the Valleys overflows ;
When on the Meads black showers do descend,
With mounds of earth the Groves from floods
defend,

As different figures best with streams agree,
So on the sides let there some difference be,
Still with variety the borders grace,
There either grass, or fragrant flowers place ;
Or with a wharf of stone the bank secure ;
But troubled Fens let their own reeds obscure :
Or Weeds, where croaking Frogs and Moor-
hens lye,
Nothing but grass your banks must beautifie.

Where

Where silver Springs afford transparent waves,
And glist'ring sand the even bottom paves.

On which green Elms their leaves in Autumn
shed.

Thus Rivers both our care and culture need,
While in their channels they run headlong
down,

We must take heed, that, as they hast, no stone
Fall'n from the hanging brink, may keep them
back,

And through the Vales their course uneasy
make.

Ye Springs and Fountains in the Woods re-
found,

And with your noise the silent Groves con-
found.

Frequent their windings, all their avenues,
And into the dry roots new life infuse,

While pleasant streams invite your thoughts
and eyes,
And with resistless charms your sense surprize;
Of humane life you then may meditate,
Obnoxious to the violence of fate,
Life unperceiv'd, like Rivers, steals away.
And though we court it, yet it will not stay.
Then may you think of its uncertainty,
Constant in nothing but inconstancy.
See what rude waves disturb the things below,
And through what stormy voyages we go.
So Hypanis, you'll say, and Peneus so,
Simois, and Volsoian Amasenus flow;
Naupactian Achelous, Inachus,
Wish flow Melanthus, swift Parthenius,

*Thus ran along, and so Dyrraspes went,
whose current Borysthenian streams augment.*

Besides the Fountains, which to art we owe,
That falls of water also can bestow
Such, as on rugged *Fura* we descry,
On Rocks; and on the *Alps* which touch the
Sky.

Where from steep *precipices* it descends,
And where *America* it self extends
To the rude North; expos'd to *Eurus* blast:
On *Canadas* bold shore the Ocean past.
There among Groves of Fir-trees ever green,
Streams falling headlong from the Cliffs are
seen:

The cataracts resound along the shore,
Struck with the noise, the Woods and Valleys
rore.

These

These wonders which by nature here are shown,
Ruellian Naiads have by Art out-done,

Into the air a Rock with lofty head
Aspires, the hasty waters thence proceed.

Dash'd against rugged places they descend,
And broken thus themselves in foam they
spend.

They sound, as when some torrent uncontroll'd,
With mighty force is from a Mountain roll'd.

The earth with horrid noise affrighted groans,
Flints which lye underneath, and moistned
stones,

Are beat with waves, th' untrodden paths re-
sound,

And groves and woods do loudly eccho round.

But if on even ground your Garden stand,
If no unequal hill, or cliff command,
Whence you the falling waters may revoke,
From the declining ridge of some kind rock.
Then in long ranges your Cascades digest:
The Nymph of *Liancourt* so hers ha's drest.
For by the Gardens side, the Rivers pass
From no steep cliff, but down a bank of grass.
Nor should it less deserve of our esteem,
When from an even bed diffus'd the stream
Runs down a polish'd rock, and as it flows,
Like Linen in the air expanded shows.
The *Textile* flood a slender Current holds,
And in a wavy veil the place infolds.

But these Cascades and sports you need not
there,

Where spacious Pools with wider brims appear,
And scarce within their banks and chambers
held,

Run into brooks, and visit all the field.

And to this end, if my advice you take,

In the low places of your Garden make,

Besides the other Springs, large trenches too;

To which from ev'ry part the streams may flow,

For little Brooks and Springs are not so good,

Nor please so much as a more noble flood.

But if square Pools, and deeper Ponds you love,

Dig a broad channel; all the earth remove;

To make it level to that watry bed,

Or the deep Marsh by which it must be fed.

Then with a wharf of stone secure the place,
With cement bound, let this the shore embrace.

For the foundation you with stone must lay,
Though that it self ha's oft been forc'd away.
Always by force the Element restrain,
And let the shores the raging flouds contain.

The empty Lakes from Springs will be supply'd,
Brought from the field along the Gardens side.
An hundred Brooks from flowing never cease,
And with their plenty make the Pools increase.
Some I have seen, who all their ponds have fill'd,
With those supplies which the deep torrents yield.

And in a Laver, by its bank inclos'd,
The waves collected in the vales dispos'd:
Collected through the fields from fallen rains,
And *Bavillean* such a Pond maintains,
The Nymph o'th' place ha's this of late prepar'd
The owners fortune ha's the house repair'd.
From him the seat its greatest glory draws,
And he obtain'd his honour by the laws.
The slender stream through ancient ruines went,
Unless the Winter showers did augment
Its force, it wash'd a *Villa* quite decai'd,
And with its sully'd waves through rubbish
 straid.
The *Sancaronian* Cattle on the brink,
And *Bavillean* Cows were wont to drink.
Once with a leap I could have past it o're,
But its great master quickly did restore

The beauty it had lost ; and as he rose,
So still with him the current bigger grows.
That which with rushes cover'd ran of late,
Though small, was destin'd to a better Fate.
In a great Laver now the water swells,
And stor'd with Fish a spacious channel fills.
The graver Senators here often meet ;
Here the Civilians, and the Lawyers sit.
Here wearied with the Town, and their affairs,
They please themselves, and put off all their
cares.

A Spout whose fall makes all the garden sound,
Discharges in the middle of the Pond.

Nor will the plenteous waters please you less,
When in the ground a circle they possess.
Which Figure with a Garden best agrees :
If on the grassie bank a Grove of Trees,

With

With shining Scenes, and branches hanging
down,

The seats of stone, and verdant shores do's
crown.

But whether they stand still, or swiftly glide,
With their broad leaves let Woods the Rivers
hide.

Bestowing on each place their cooling shade;

For Springs by that alone are pleasant made.

Still banish frogs, who their old strifes recite,

And in their murmurs and complaints delight.

Drive them away; for the malicious rout

Pollutes the Springs, and stirs the mud about.

Let silver Swans upon your Rivers swim:

Let painted Barges beautifie the stream;

And yielding waves with num'rous oars divide.

But let no Matrons in the shores confide;

For we, too well, have known their perfidy.

A'fter her husbands fate *Alcyone*,

And

And *Anna* sister to *Elisa* too,
The Water-gods displeas'd, nor did they go
Unpunish'd long; swift vengeance did descend,
On them, and all who dare the Gods offend.
Therefore with care these Deities adore,
Lest while your servants work along the shore,
Some swelling tide should snatch them from
your sight:
But on our foes let these misfortunes light.

Now to proceed to what I have begun,
That through your fields continued streams may
run.

Let the collected floods from ev'ry side
O'th' Garden, of themselves extended wide,
Upon the banks in equal channels beat.
No water makes a Garden more compleat,

Then

Then if arising from a copious Source,
O're all the Meads it freely takes its course.
If seen all round with sounding waves it flows,
And as it runs a noble River grows.

To adde more rules to those already known,
Were vain; for if in Verse I should set down
All that this art contains, I then should swerve
From those strict laws which Poets should observe.

If you'l know more, then see those vales of late
In their successful owner fortunate.

See there the Springs in order plac'd; some
bound

In pipes of lead, and buried under ground.

There you will find the Grotts with Springs
adorn'd;

And how by art the fountains may be turn'd.

Nor

Nor suffer *Liancourt* t' escape your sight,
 Whose humid streams, and grassie banks invite.
 See how the Nymph the *Schemberg*-water
 guides
 A thousand ways, and o're the place presides.
 And thou, *Bellaquean Naias* must be seen
 Ennobled by a Prince. Thou, like a Queen,
 Rul'st over all the waves of *France*; none dare
 Affect such honours, or with thee compare:
 The Rivers, Fountains, and the Lakes of *Gaul*,
 Broad *Sein*, which washes the *Parisian* wall:
Loire, and *Elaver*, swallow'd by the *Loire*,
 Our own, and forreign waters thee admire.
 To thee great *Rome* her *Tiber* must submit,
 And *Greece* her self must all her streams forget.
 As other Nations must subscribe to *France*,
 So o're the rest thy happy waves advance.

Victorious *Lewis* having settled peace,
And by his conduct made all quarrels cease,
This Garden by additions fairer made,
And from a Rock contriv'd a new *Cascade*.
But what should I these haughty Springs repeat
Or the immense Canale, with waves repleat?
How, like a River, with majestick pride,
Betwixt steep banks the tardy waters glide.
These shores have witness'd deep intrigues of
State,
Have seen when Nations have receiv'd their
fate,
When suppliant Princes have our aid implor'd,
And on their knees our rising Sun ador'd.
When from all parts Embassadors have come,
To sue for peace, or to expect their doom.

But

But here it is impossible to show
The riches which adorn thee *Fountainbleau*,
Or all the honours which thy Gardens boast :
Thy Palaces erected by the cost,
And happy luxury of former Kings,
My humble Muse of Gardens onely sings.
How should I think to make thy wonders
known !
When the shrill Trumpets ev'ry where are
blown
By Fames loud breath , how should my feeble
voice,
Be understood amidst so great a noise ?
See how much joy appears in all the Court !
And what a sacred Pledge fit to support
An Empires weight ! *Lucina* brings to light.
You might perceive the world in joy unite ;

As

As if the *Dauphins* Birth-day were design'd
To settle peace, and blessings on mankind.

While the glad Nymph redoubles her applause,
And celebrates great *Lewis*, who gives Laws
To quiet *France*, and with unshaken reins,
His glory with a lasting Peace maintains:
I sing the other Treasures of the Field,
And all those gifts which fruitful *Orchards* yield.

R A P I.

R A P I N U S
OF
G A R D E N S.

Book IV.

O R C H A R D S.

NOr thee, *Pomona*, will my Muse forget;
Thou flourishest amidst the Sum-
mers heat ;

All things are full of thee : *Autumnus* shows
Thy honour too, adorn'd by verdant boughs:

To

To thee *Lamon*, this part of my design
Relates ; let prosp'rous Breezes then combine.
And suffer thou my voyage to succeed,
That through the main my Bark may cut with
speed.

Though you maintain severe *Astrea*s right,
Incourage virtue, and from vice affright :
Yet have we seen you play the Gard'ner too,
And giving precepts how your trees should
grow.

Their culture, and their *Species* too by thee
At large describ'd, the Husbandman may see.

And for this benefit so let thy ground
Be ever kind, be ever grateful found !
Let thy luxuriant Orchards so be filld
That the weak boughs beneath their load may
yeild!

To

N

That

That *Bavillian* barns with store may break,
And Plenty never may thy house forsake!

Though to all plants each soil is not dispos'd,
And on some places nature has impos'd
Peculiar laws, which she unchang'd preserves,
Such servile laws, *France* scarce at all observes.
Shee's fertile to excess: all fruits she bears,
And willingly repays the Plowmans cares.
What if *Burgundian* Hills with vines abound?
Or if with Orchards *Normandy* be crown'd?
Though *Beausse* her corn? *Bigorre* her metals
shows?

Though *Bearn* be woody? *Troys* with wine
o'reflows?

If *Burdeaux* cattel breeds? and *Auvergne* yeilds
The best and noblest horses. Yet the fields

All over *France* improvement will admit:
And are for trees, or else for tillage fit,
Chiefly near thee, moist *Tours*, where may be
seen

A lasting spring, and meadows ever-green.
Those fields which the *Durance*, and flower *Soane*
Refresh, and the sweet vales which the *Garonne*
With slimy waters gently passes by,
With those blest meads which near great *Paris* ly,

Choose a rich soil when you intend to plant
Not that which heavy sand has rendred faint.
Avoid low vales, which lye between close hills,
Which some thick Pool with noisome vapours
fills,

Where pithy Mists, and hurtful steams ascend,
Least an ill tast they to your fruit may lend.

Still fly that place, where *Auster* always blows,
And for your trees that scituation choose,
Where in the open air on a descent,
To bless their growth more gentle winds consent.

And though the field toth' Sun exposed be,
Or the hot winds, yet this may well agree
With flowers, but then you must some distance
make
Between the flow'rs, and trees, and to keep back
People and Cattle, which would else offend,
With Iron-grates the avenues defend.

How to choose Land I here omit to tell,
In diff'rent grounds what diff'rent habits dwell:
As also how to plant, or when to sow,
These arts the Husbandmen already know.

But

But if the ground cannot the Trees maintain,
In open furrows till it o're again,
Dig all the barren field with care and toil,
And for exhausted earth bring better Soil,
That which comes nearest sand is best of all,
If it be moist and colour'd well withall.
Too many weeds from too much moisture rise:
Destructive weeds, a Gardens enemies.

Now that the plant may with the mold comply,
What fruits it most approves you first must try:
Whether the Vine thrives best upon the place,
Or other trees, for there can be no grace
In any ground that's forc'd against its will
To bring forth fruit: therefore remember still
Never with nature any force to use,
For tis injurious if she should refuse,

When once the field is levell'd, and prepar'd,
Let it in equal distances be shar'd.
Appoint the seats in which your trees shall stand,
Then choose a quince from a selected band:
And having cut the woody part away,
Into warm mold you then the Plant may lay.
Nor think it is unworthy of your hand
To make the furrows hollow, or t'expand
The Earth about the roots, for still we find,
That he who does the laws of planting mind,
He who from parent-stocks, young branches
cuts,
And then in trenches the soft layers puts,
Seldom repents these necessary pains,
But rather profit by his care obtains.

While

While Fortune waited on the *Persian* state;
Cyrus, who from *Assyages* the great
Himself deriv'd, himself his Gardens till'd,
How oft astonish'd *Tmolus* has beheld
Th' industrious Prince in planting Trees and
Flow'rs.

And watering them imploy his vacant hours!
How oft *Orontes* stopp'd his hasty flood,
And gazing on the Royal Gardner stood.
The *Sabine* vallys heretofore have known
When noblest *Romans* have forsook the town;
When they their Pomp and Glory laid aside,
And to the Rake and Plow themselves applied.

And this employment warlike *Fabius* chose,
When he return'd from vanquishing his foes.

He, who in open Senate made decrees,
Manures his ground, and now gives laws to
Trees.

No longer o're his *legions* he commands,
But sows the earth with his victorious hands,
The Glebe by this triumphant swain subdued,
Repay'd his pains with timely gratitude,
Became more fruitful, then it was before,
And better plants, and larger apples bore.
Thus *Massinissa*, when he wonne the day,
And made false *Syphax* with his troops obey;
In tilling of his ground he spent his time,
And try'd t'improve the barb'rous *Libian* clime,

Great *Lewis* too, who carefully attends
His Kingdom Government, sometimes descends

From

From his high throne, and in the Country
 daigns
 To please him self, and slack his Empires rains.
 For to St, *Germans* if he chance to go,
 To the *Verſalian* hills, or *Fountainbleau*,
 He thinks not that it makes his glory leſs,
 T'improve his ground : his Servants round him
 preſs ;
 Hundreds with Fruits, Hundreds with Flowers
 ſtrive
 To fill the place: the water ſome derive
 Into the Gardens, while with watchful eye
 He overſees the work, and equally
 To ev'ry laborer his duty ſhows ;
 And the ſame care on all the field beſtows.
 Nor dos the King theſe arts in vain approve :
 The gratefull Earth rewards his Royal love.

But

But why should I such great examples name ?
Our age wants nothing that should more in-
flame

Its zeal, for since the greatest men now please
Themselves in cultivating of their trees ;
Since tis their praise to do do it, why should you
Refuse this sweet imployment to pursue.

If fruit of your own raising can invite,
If in your *Villa* you can take delight,
Or can the Country love, to that apply
Your self, and to your Plants no pains deny.
The Stars if kind, or goodness of the soil,
Help not so much, as never-ceasing toil,
Then let the Earth more frequent tillage know:
The stubborn Glebe is vanquish'd by the Plow.
When rain or stormy winds pernicious are,
When the Suns influence or intemp'rate Air

Injurious

Injurious proves the Tillers industry
And culture all defects will soon supply.
That this is true, a *Marsian* clown has shown,
Who in a little Garden of his own,
Which he himself manur'd, had store of fruit,
While all the Country else was destitute.
The standing Corn you on his ground might
view:

And Apples broke the boughs on which they
grew.

His neighbours quickly envied his success,
He by *Thessalian* arts his grounds did dress,
They said, and hastned on his early Corn
By herbs upon the *Marsian* mountains born,
Or magical infusions : then repleat
With rage and envy to the judgment-seat
They hale the blameless swain, where his defence
He makes, with plain and Rural eloquence.

His

His fickle he produces, and his spade,
And rake, which by long use were brighter
made.

See here, said he, the crimes which I have done :
If tools by time and usage bright are one.

These are my magick arts, these are my charms :
Then, stretching forth his labour stiffned arms
His *Sabine* Dame, and Daughters brawny hand
Inur'd to work, and with the Sun-beams tann'd.
Thus by his industry his cause he gains :
So much a field improves by constant pains.
Hence comes good Corn, and hence the Trees
are crown'd

With leavy boughs, hence tis that they abound
In their choice fruits, in each of which we find
A colour proper to it self assign'd.

Then let the forked *Shears*, the *Rake*, and *Prong*,
Crows, *Barrows*, *Mattocks*, *Rowlers* which belong

To th' garden, be for ever clean and bright.
Let rust on Arms and Trumpets only light.
Let useless Helmets in the dust be thrown :
But let Peace bless the Country and the Town.
Neglect that ground which culture doth refuse,
Least there the tiller all his hopes should lose.
Transfer your pains to some more grateful soil,
The way of raising Plants now learn a while.

From all your Garden first a place divide,
There let the hopeful race be multiplied ?
Seed for your Trees about your fields prepare,
And let the Stocks confus'd spring ev'ry where.
There let them all together upward shoot ;
By these supply's your losses you recruit.
The fairest Plant from stones or kernels grows,
Then your mix'd Seedlings in no rank dispose.

Along

Along the walls and beds : if from their birth
They are accustomed to their mother earth ;
They flourish better, be it they derive
More proper nourishment from her, or thrive
With more success, where their Forefathers
were,

But you must still a gen'rous stock prefer,
Whose vigor, and whose spirits are no less,
Then what its ancestors did once possess.
That's best which has most joints, but those re-
fuse

Which at wide distances few buds produce:

When with due judgment you would choose
a place,

Proper, wherein to raise a future race ;
Let it be in the Sun ; without his aid
The ground will languish, and the fruit will fade,

He

He rules the winds, and tempests in the sky ;
And while he views the world with his bright
eye,

He cherishes all things, and vital juice
Into the witherd herbage can infuse,

He governs the twelve signs, and by him steer
The courses of the Earth, the Heav'n, and year.

Heav'n if observ'd, great benefits imparts,

Nor less the rayes which glorious *Phœbus* darts,

Either when setting he do's disappear,

Or rising guilds the Northern *Hemispher*.

His radiant beams will never shine in vain,

To him and his sister then who raign

Together, and *Olympus* Empire sway ;

Let the glad youth deserved honours pay.

They both are kind to trees ; and both expect

To be observ'd : by them your course direct :

For

For they well known you have no cause to fear,
Though different colours in sky appear.

Yet in the Spring desire not too much heat,
Least the remaining cold your hopes defeat :
And the Suns kindness then should prove his
crime,

If forward fruit appear before its time,
Though cheerful blossoms promise you success,
Trust not the fading Flow'r, but still suppress
Your expectations, and for summer stay,
Whose *genial* warmth secures them from decay,
The gardner oft vain Blossoms has believ'd ;
And with false hopes as oft has bin deceiv'd.

Ith' end of Spring when welcome heat returns
When ev'ry Garden lovely fruit adorns,
Sometimes a Tree by sudden tempests crost
The whole years Hopes in one short Night has
lost.

The

The cruel winds now most their rage imploy,
Rough *Boreas* more then any will destroy.
The Trees and Orchards, therefore, now, ye
 swains
While the fresh Spring your lively plants main-
 tains,
Now, on your Festivals, by frequent prair
Avert pernicious winds, and have a care
In Summer nights of Moons, which nip with
 cold,
The cloud ingendred Southern gusts with-hold;
And the *Sithonian* Northern blasts; for these,
Unless the cautious husband-man foresees
That they approach him always hurtful are,
When ever lowring clouds disturb the air
Your self with care from future ills defend,
The Seasons mark, and what the Heav'ns por-
 tend.

O

When

When among other seasons of the year
The time of Graffing comes ; do not defer
In proper stocks young Cions to inclose ;
Then buds between the cloven bark dispose.
And if your fruit be bad, as oft it will,
Make choice of better, and remove the ill.
By these improvements greatest praise you get,
And thus your Gardens honour you compleat.
Into your stocks the forraign pears admit,
And far fetch'd Apples place within the slit.
Hence springs a nobler race, and greater store
Of hopeful offspring then you had before.

The plants you want the neighbourhood will
give :
If not, from distant countrey's them derive.

Greece first sought plant in barb'rous climes, and
then

She civiliz'd the trees as well as men.

These still at home she fortunately plac'd;

And by translation did correct their taste.

While auncient Fables reputation gain'd,

The then white Mulberry with red was stain'd;

Thiſbe and *Pyramus* who yet survive

In *Naso's* verse. in *Babylon* did live:

A spotless love united both their souls;

But Parents hate their happiness controlls.

Deluded by their passion they grow bold;

Nor walls, nor strict injunctions them withhold.

That bliss, which in their life they could not
have,

They found at last by meeting in the grave.

Hard by the place there stood an aged tree

Which, as if touch'd with their sad destiny.

Imbibes their blood, and caus'd its fruit, which
late

Was pale, to blush at the poor lover's fate.
So *Rhodopeian Phillis* heretofore,
Left by her faithless servant, on the shore,
When she was pin'd away with grief and shame;
An Almond in her father's ground became.
Pallas gives Olives; *Bacchus* do's bestow
The Figs and Vines to *Ceres* Corn we owe.

But, what the *Romans* did, why should I tell
Whose arms on trees as well as nations fell?
While they in chains the victors Chariots drew,
Their plants as much enslav'd by *Tiber* grew,
Into his garden thus from *Cerasus*
Lucullus first did Cherries introduce;
Damascus Plums afforded; *Media*,
With *Lydia*, *Egypt*, *India*, *Caria*,

And

And *Persia* Apples gave; and these were brought
From the *Geloni*, who with Axes fought.

Each Nation which had her arms overcome,
Did thus pay tribute to triumphant *Rome*.

Phaliscans then, who *Juno* most ador'd,
Their empty fields with rows of Apples stor'd.
And the *Crustumian* Pears, the *Sabines* plac'd
In *Amiternan* Vale, th' *Auruncans* grac'd
Taburnus then with Vines and Olives too;
At these new plants amazed *Anio*
Admires: *Oenotria* likewise then possess'd
Of wholsom air, and with a fat soil blest.
Fruit bearing trees, which were before unknown
From other Gardens brought into her own.

When Plants of a corrected taste are found,
And Stocks are chosen which are young and
sound;

The Grafter then th' adoptive bough must bring
Into those Stocks: of this the means I sing.

Which though they are distinct, you learn with
ease

How to Graff fruitful slips in barren trees,
Some cut down trunks, which bore a lofty top,
And hollow them above, thus wood-men lop
The tallest Oaks, and cut out four square
stakes;

But first of all a wedge its passage makes,
This done, the *Gions* may descend down right
Into the cleft; and with the Stock unite.

Though others in the rind betwixt each bud
Make an incision, and the graff include,
Which by degrees is afterwards inclin'd
T' incorporate it self with the moist rind.
Some like a slender Pipe the bark divide,
Or like a Scutcheon slit it down the side.
Or the hard trunk, which a sharp angur cleaves,
Into its solid part the Graff receives.
Mean while, with care, the branches which are
joyn'd,
You with a sev'nfold cord must strongly bind.
And all the chinks with pitch or wax defend,
For if the cruel air should once descend
Into the cleft, it would impede the juice:
And to the plant its nourishment refuse.

But, if these dangers it has once incur'd,
When the adopted branch is well secur'd,
By their conjunction trees their nature loose;
That which was wild before, more civil grows.
Unmindful of their mother they forsake
The taste, which they from her at first did take.
From yellow Quinces, and *Cornellans* rise
Fruits, which are differenc'd by various dies.
The Pear thus mends: the Slow affords good
Plums:
And the bad Cherry better now becomes.

From different boughs distinguish'd *Species*
shoot;
But now I tell how you must mix your fruit,
What branches with each other you may joyn:
What sorts will best in amity combine.

All kinds of Pears the Quinces entertain;
And them receiv'd with their own tincture
stain.

The hoary Pears their tast to Apples give,
They with the shrubby Willow too will live.
The Fig would love the Mulberry, if that
Its blacker hue would somewhat moderate.
Cherrys with Laurels blushes will compound;
Apples with Apples do their tast confound.
And, from the Salvage Plum, we Pears may
raise:

(If we may credit what *Palladius* says)
But Gardners now, by long experience wise,
What former ages taught them may despise.

They of *Auvergne* in Willows fruits inclose;
Tis true, at first their colour grateful shows.

But,

But, by this Marriage they degen'rate are,
And tast but ill, although they look so fair.

For various Plants what air, and soil is good,
And that, which hurts them, must be understood.

Warm air, and moisture is by Apples lov'd:
But, if to stony hills they are remov'd,
You must not blame them, if they then decay.
Through a crude soil the Figg will make its
way :

If it be not expos'd to the rude North,
A humid Sand will make the Peach bring forth.
The Pear, when it has room enough to spread,
Where it has warmth sufficient over head,
If it be seconded by the wet ground,
With swelling fruits, and blossoms will be
crown'd.

The

The backward Mulb'ry chuses to be dry,
For constant moisture is its enemy.

And a wet soil the Apple vitiates,
The Cherry deeply rooted propagates
It self with freedom as in *Italy*
The thriving Olives every where we see.
A milder ground the Lemmon most desires:
One more severe the yellow Quince requires.
It is not fit that Apricots should stand
In a hot mold, and Cherrys love not sand,
No more then Strawberrys; which last, if set
In earth that's well subdued, if to the heat
Of the warm Sun expos'd, they soon abound
With juice, their Berrys then grow plump and
round.

Those hills, which favour *Bacchus*, Lemmons
Serve:
And Melons which a gentler clime deserve.

When

When a warm scituation Plums obtain,
They quickly recompence the Gardners pain:

If in your Orchards any tree seems faint,
With wonted culture cure the sickly plant ;
Er'e the whole Trunk is touch'd with the disease.

Briars and Weeds which fatal are to Trees
Where ere the ground is bad the fields infest,
Whence ev'ry bough with faintness is oppress'd.
Culture mends bitter plants ; they then, who
break

The surface oftneft up ; who most their rake,
And forked tools about the roots employ ;
They, the best fruits, and noblest trees enjoy.
But if the soilor sow'r, or brackish be,
Neither the careful Plow-mans industry,

Nor

Nor cold, nor frost, or storms of wind or
rain,

Improve those fields, they never can obtain
Their ancient reputation; all things there
Grow worse and worse, forgetting what they
were.

When for an Orchard you a seat will chuse;
First learn what sorts of planting are in use:
Thus with the humours of each place complys,
In open Plains on which the warm Sun lyes.
There let your Trees aspire in grounds inclos'd,
Let a Dwarf-race of fruit-trees be dispos'd,
Whose boughs are round and short: nor bodys
tall.

Some Plash, and tack their Layers on the
wall:

Whilst

Whilst others make their twisted Branches
grow,

Like a shorn hedge, in a continued row.

These Rural ornaments by all are sought ;

And if they vary, are more graceful thought.

Follow these precepts rather much, then those,

Which our own ancient Husband-men impose.

The former age must all its claims resign,

Now all these arts in perfect lustre shine.

Trust not your tender Plants too much abroad ;

To Figgs the summer Sun must be allow'd.

Apples, and Nuts, with Cherrys, Plums & Pears,

And the soft *Almond*, which all weather bears ;

Let them with freedom in the air ascend.

And if just taste you to your Fruit would lend,

If you would mend their *genius*, let them take

Their liberty, for if the Sun do's bake

Them

Them well, if to his light they are displaid,
They vanquish those which sculk within the
shade.
Either this benefit from *Phœbus* flows,
Who on all things his influence bestows;
Or else great Trunks to make their off-spring
thrive,
More juice and vigour from the earth derive.
Perhaps the middle region of the sky,
(For duller vapours dare not mount so high)
Sometimes imparts a favourable Breeze,
And fans with purer air the tops of Trees.

Then let your Gardens in the Sun be plac'd;
From him your Apples must receive their tast,
And hardned thus the Summer they endure,
Those which were crude he renders more ma-
ture.

The tender brood you must defend with care;
And if you can the little race repair;
With sharper tools you must restrain excess;
Or with your hand superfluous leaves suppress.
And let no bough its parent overshade,
Nor on a branch let greater weight be laid
Than it can bear: those blossoms which decay,
Or are not hopeful you must take away.
Till a more gen'rous off-spring dos succeed:
This is the only way to mend the breed.
The Mother of her children thus bereav'd
Must with assiduous culture be reliev'd.

Though it be welcome to the sordid swain,
Too fruitful trees their plenty boast in vain:
Their store destroys them; rather let them feel
The wholesome sharpness of the crooked steel.

For, while the Gard'ner th' useleſs Flow'rs in-
vades,

He greater glory to the Parent adds,

No tree can long its fruitfulness enjoy ;

Such virtues their poſſeſſors ſoon deſtroy.

Unleſs they ceaſe from bearing, they muſt waſt ;

For no extream of good can ever laſt.

They who retard their fruit deſerve more praiſe,

Then they who nature by incitements raiſe.

Some Gardners I remember near the town,

With dung their ſlower Apples haſtned on.

The uſual Method could not them content,

They by their haſt the Seasons did prevent.

Let no ſuch cuſtoms in your Gardens be,

For theſe productions are an injury.

They in a Lethargy the Plants ingage,

And make them ſubject to untimely age.

Let not your fruits their seasons then forsake,
Nor with ungentle hand sow'r Apples take :
Least with Abortian you the mothers kill,
And your nice stomach with raw humours fill,

If you are curious how your fruits are died,
To neighb'ring walls their branches must be
ryed.

When *Titans* raies on them at mid day beat,
And grow more pow'rful by reflected heat ;
Those, which are most expos'd, will best de-
rive
The pleasing colours which the Sun can give,

How this advantage is to be obtain'd,
And how t'augment the heat shall be explain'd.
First a long wall you must due South erect,
From thence the most intensive warmth expect.

This

This dawbe with Morter o're ; which being
plain

Will best reverberate the raies again.

Those vermine too are kill'd by scorching lime,

Which would destroy the trees themselves in
time.

Next hooks of Iron fix along the wall,

On them let Poles or Rods of Willow fall:

On which the branches may depend in rows,

The Husband-man with twiggs may tie them
close,

Though others fasten them with knots of wire,

In time the pliant boughs themselves desire

To bear that yoke, to which they are restrain'd,

If from their tender youth they are inchain'd.

That so by long obedience being taught,

They to their duty may with ease be brought.

Age dos rebellion into shoots instill :

And makes them stubborn to the benders will,

Then, that they may comply with greater
ease,

Instruct them in submission by degrees.

While blooming years permit, and while they
have

An inclination proper to inflave ;

Along your walls young trees betimes expand, •

Which by degrees may stoop to your com-
mand.

The branches, if in decent order plac'd.

By servitude are not at all disgrac'd.

No more, then when a woman dos with care

Within strict fillets bind her flowing hair :

Disposing

Disposing it according to the mode,
 When she intends to show her dress abroad,
 Restraint becomes her hair; and thus a Tree
 When it is captive will more lovely be.
 If lawless twiggs rebell not from the rest;
 And the green mantle dos the wall invest.

These textures noblest tapestry transcend,
 And with their beauty all the place commend.
 Chiefly when diff'rent fruits their seasons know,
 And to your sight their various colours show.
 How must it then the Gardners heart affect,
 To see those beautys he ne're durst expect;
 While on the fruit-charg'd wall, the Figgs grow
 black,
 And Peaches red, the boughs with Apples
 crack.

For when the Summers particolour'd race
Appears, then ev'ry tree its wealth displaies,
Which was before beneath the leaves conceal'd;
Then tis delightful to survey each field,
To visit all your *Villa*, and to see
What fruits and treasures in your Gardens be.
Nor unaffecting to admire those dies,
Which on the branchy folds your sight surprize.
To pluck the early fruit, or if you will,
Home to convey the Panniers which you fill.
Whether you search what fruits are of good
kind,
Or would the *Genius* of your Orchards find;
Or with what culture Plants will flourish best,
And when aspiring twiggs must be repress.
If you would find what stocks will Grass admit,
And how far Grass their former names forget.

Your

Your Rural pleasures will excel the pride
And riches of the great ; fame you'l deride.
And city noise, nor the unconstant wind
Of Kings, or Peoples favour stirs your mind.

Thrice happy they who these delights pursue !
For whether they their Plants in order view,
Or overladen boughs with props relieve,
Or if to forraign fruits new names they give,
If they the tast of ev'ry Plum explore,
To eat at second course , what would they
more ?

What greater happiness can be desir'd,
Then what by these diversions is acquir'd ?

You who the beauty of your trees design,
To each along the walls its seat assign.

Cherrys with Cherrys, Figgs with Figgs may
meet,

The *Syrian* and *Crusumian* Pears are fit
To mingle with the Brittish, but we find
That Apples and red Plums must not be joyn'd.
All that are of a sort together plant,
They must succeed if they no culture want.
And when affairs of greater moment cease
To set their stations be your business.
For if they have not ample room to spread,
They then both strength and nourishment will
need.

But what the kinds and various natures are
Of fruitful trees, I must not now declare :
Nor tell their different appearances,
Or how the Gardners art has with success

Improv'd

Improv'd our Orchards, what should I count

ore

Those fruits, which *Persia* sent us heretofore ?

Why or their taste should I relate, or hue,

Which more illustrious by its purple grew ?

Some of a thicker substance stick fast on,

While others which are thinner quit the stone

These last with Juice and dewy Moisture swell,

And all the other sorts by much excell.^s

Others there are which, like the Plum, are

thin,

And have no down upon their naked skin.

Their Species, Forms, nor Names I here must

sing ;

As those which the *Armenians* once did bring

From their high hills, by native Blushes prais'd,

Or those which from great stones *Alcinous* rais'd.

Tiburian Peaches I must here forget,
Then which *Picennian* ones were thought more
sweet.

Nor here at all of *Quinces* must I boast,
Which, when they have no smell, are valued
most,

Cherries, which at first course are grateful still ;
Or *Figs*, which heav'nly Nectar do distill.

I here pass ore, these from their taste obtain
More honour, then the mellow *Apples* gain.

But Nature never show'd more wantonness
Then, when so many shapes she did impress,
From *Wardens* to the *Pears* which lesser grow,
And did to each its proper Juice allow.

Some imitate the brisk *Falernian* Wine,
Others, like Must, to sweetness more incline.

In swelling some extravagant appear,
And crooked Necks with oblong bellys bear.
To Plums and Grapes just commendations
yeild,
If on the Wall they are by props upheld.
Muscat, and Purple Vines, which both observe
Their wonted seasons, may our praise deserve,
The humble Strawberry I would repeat,
Which are by nature with sweet Juice replent.
And, if I had but leisure, I would sing
The fragrant odours which from Melons spring.

When Husbandmen give precepts to expand
Their trees, to imitate the spreading hand,
Or backbone of a Fish they sometimes chuse,
When er'e one Trunk the branches dos pro-
duce,

Successful trialls both these ways have had :
 And therefore use of either may be made.

You cannot be too often put in mind
 Of that advantage which your Plants will find
 By being prun'd : the boughs will thus obey,
 And by your tool are fashion'd any way.
 Though tough with age, they stoop to your
 command,
 Nor can the crooked pruning Knife withstand.
 And when the Trees thus cut revive agen,
 When from their wounds they borrow courage,
 then
 Oft exercise your pow'r, and so restore
 Beauty to that, which was deform'd before.
 Youth unadvise'd dos in desire exceed :
 And would without all moderation breed,

The Pruners care must succour each defect,
 He with his hook their vices must correct,
 Superfluous shoots his servants may repress,
 Destructive pity makes them more increase.

But in what part they must be cut, and how,
 From the experienc'd you will better know,
 Always untouch'd the chiefeft branches save,
 From whom you hope a future race to have.
 Now if the Season proves reciprocally,
 You may behold your fruit upon the wall,
 Yours Gardens riches then will make you glad,
 Nor think that any thing can colour add,
 Or bigness to them, but that influence,
 Which on their ranks kind *Phabus* do's dis-
 pence.
 Nature your wishes then will satisfy,
 If with these Methods only you comply.

And though we ripeness to our fruits impart
By heat on walls reflected, yet this art
By the reports of dark antiquity,
In the records of time is set more high.

And if we may at all our faith ingage
To what we hear of the preceding age.

Alcinous first, who the *Phaeacians* swaid,
Thus to have cultivated Trees is said.
His stores with usual plenty overflow'd,
And when the year its usual hope had show'd,
From the malicious North arose a blast,
Which in one night laid all the Garden wast,
If any Plant by fortune was retriiv'd,
And, in the fields, the common fate surviv'd ;
That ruine, which by *Boreas* was begun,
Was finish'd by the spiteful Air and Sun.

All

All through the sky unwonted tempests rore,
And horrid noises the clear Welkin tore.
The greatest slaughter on the Orchard falls;
Struck with portents the King the *Augurs* calls.
The meaning of the prodigies inquires,
And their advice upon his loss desires.
From *Calais* and *Zethes* some pretend,
(Both sprung from *Boreas*) that these plagues
descend.

The Kings alliance both of them had sought,
Nor were unworthy by the Mother thought:
The Daughter too their passion had approv'd,
But neither were by Prince or People lov'd.
Their Father vex'd to see his Sons deceiv'd,
By them perhaps had his revenge contriv'd.
Because they both were angry with the King.
Some from *Atlantian Calypso* bring

These

These mischiefs. *Circe* only, some accus'd,
Calypso mindful how she was abus'd
By the *Phæacians*, when *Læertes* she
From drowning sav'd, and boasted him to be
Her right, she then to be reveng'd, decreed
That *Circes* neighbourhood, and hate might
breed

These ills some think, that she the Moons
aspect

Had chang'd, and did the purer air infect.

But good *Eurymedon*, who was the Priest
Of *Phœbus*, and a Prophet better ghest,
Think not, says he, that our misfortunes flow
From outward causes, to our selves we owe
Our dire mishaps; nor did he longer speak.
The King commands he should his silence
break,

And

And bids him undiscover'd crimes recite.

Then he, The weight of our affairs permits

Not many words, when worse events are
fear'd,

Appease the gods, while prayers may be heard,

The objects of their vengeance now we are,

When plenty fill'd his stores, to his own care,

And art, *Alcinous* did ascribe his fruit.

Madman that should the gifts of Heav'n dispute!

That, he the Sun and Winds should so neglect,

Nor his devotions to great *Jove* direct.

Himself the criminal he then did find,

Accusing his prov'd thoughts and haughty
mind.

Strait he repairs to the *Phæacian* wood,

Where the *Hesperian Nymph* had her abode;

Where she the Oracles of Heaven spoke,
 Soon a soft voice the sacred silence broke,
 To mighty *Jupiter* twelve Bullocks pay:
 As many more on *Titans* Altars lay.
 Both Deity's have bin provok'd, from them
 Our fruits, and all other our blessings stream.
 They went, and to great *Jove* twelve Bullocks
 paid:
 And twice six more on *Titans* altars laid:
 These rites *Eurymedon* ordain'd, should be
 Yearly perform'd by their posterity.

 Taught by the Nymph *Alcinous* now im-
 mures
 His Orchards in, and so his Plants secures
 From hurtful blasts, and where they wanted
 heat,
 Upon the Walls he makes the Sun-beams beat.

This

This way of setting Trees arose from hence ;
Which, though th' *Hesperians* had forgot long
since,
The *Norman* swains reviv'd again ; and shew'd
Their Servants, that their ground must be al-
low'd
More warmth, for the reflected Sun alone,
Could make their fruits attain perfection.
From hence, this art to *Paris* did advance,
And stretch'd it self through all the parts of
France.

You, who my precepts hear, this ornament;
Bestow upon your Gardens nor repent
The building of long walls, and them infold
With the green tapistry ; no pains with-hold,
And while you do the fruitful youth survey,
Or among leavy textures loose your way ;

When you behold your thriving nurseries,
Cut all superfluous branches from your Trees.
The masters hand improves the Orchard most:
For he, if any Plant its hold has lost,
Or hang, he trims and ties it up again;
Thus the neat hedge its beauty dos regain.
Vermin and Erwigs from the leaves he shakes,
And of those fruits before a trial makes,
Which he designs at second course to eat:
The times of gathering he best can set.
To the deserving praises he extends;
And those which are deceitful discommends.

When once the ground is till'd, the Gardner
then
Begins t' instruct the ruder Husbandmen,
The taste and merit of each Tree he shows,
And by what Graffs the Parent better grows.

For

For thus is he imploy'd ; while ev'ry where
 He visits all his wealth with equal care.
 No time is lost ; the year with fruits is blest ;
 Or else the boughs with blossoms are oppress'd.
 Not slow nor idle lab'ers must you hire,
 These works excess of diligence require.
 The stubborn Earth and Plants exact the same,
 Which are by pains and culture only tame.
 A backward soil with rotten dung improve,
 And often in the Sun the clods remove.

If after this the year should prove unkind,
 You must impute it to the spiteful wind.
 Whose pow'rful blasts all situations sway,
 For still the ground does Heav'n's command obey.
 Be kind ye winds, so shall your altars share
 A part of that, which you with pity spare.

A thousand enemy's, a thousand ills
 One Plants prevail : sometimes the bad air
 Kills

The hopes oth' Spring, and therefore you must
 try
 With greatest care these threatening Plagues to
 fly,

If that disease which springs from Foul air,
 With its infection should your fruits impair,
 The gods with vows and prayers supplicate,
 No other remedy is left but that.

To fell those Trees can be no loss at all,
 Whose age and sickness would your Axe fore-
 stall.
 A youthful successor, with better grace,
 And plenty, will supply the vacant place.

Plants by their looks betray their strength and
years,

If through the gaping rind the wood appears,
If dying leaves upon the boughs are seen,
While all the rest are flourishing and green:
If they look pale, then with your knife invade
Those branches which afforded too much shade.

Sometimes beneath the bark a Canker breeds,
Or burning Moss which like a scab o're spreads
The trunk with cruel Venom, these reprove
Before they reach the quick, and ere they seize
The inward parts, before that all the race
With a pernicious leanness they disgrace,
If the exhausted spirits fail to do
Their offices, if they degen'rate grow,
Dig up the Earth and with the dung of Swine
Or the hoarse Stock-dove make it then combine

The hungry Mold must thus be satisfi'd:
And those do well who in deep trenches hide
Dry Leaves among their Dung, with Fern, or
Broom,
Bean shales, or dirty Ashes are by some
Thrown on their fields, all these the ground
will aid,
But let it never be too fertile made.

For as a Tree due nourishment may want,
So too rich Soil destroys the tender Plant.
And if you know not how a barren field
Must be encourag'd, and with pains be till'd,
Or if you would allay rich Mold, that art,
The rules of culture fully will impart.

When from swift clouds or rain descends, or
hail,
A thousand Plagues your Orchards will assail.

As Gnats, Worms, Caterpillers which infold
The boughs, with buzzing Drones, and Snails
inroll'd,
Within their Shells made always circular,
Of Merops too, and other Birds beware,
Which, from the mischiefs that their Beaks
effect,
Are Tigers call'd; when these begin t' infect
Your Nurseries; they are a Pestilence
With which no careful Gardner must dispence.
With flying smoak these Enemys oppose,
And kill the Vermin on the Leaves and Boughs.
Flys here, and painted Lizards I omit,
With cunning Moles, which still avoid the
light,
And Mice, who from their holes their thefts
repeat,
All these with different Traps you must defeat,
As

As custom and experience teaches best,
 Nor ought I here more precepts to suggest;
 I write not now to dull unskilful swains,
 Such as of old till'd the Laurentine plains.
 All Husbandmen are now so artful grown,
 That almost nothing can be further shown
 Of culture, nothing can be found out more,
 Then what has bin invented long before.
 My hasty Muse permits me not to write
 Of famous Gardens here, or to recite
 Those noble *Villas*, which deserve my verse,
 Nor here my Countreys honours I rehearse.
 Ye Gardens therefore, and your owners too,
 Porgive me, if you have not what's your due.

When *France* her former riches shall regain,
 If our affairs should prosper once again;

Then by the bounty of a lasting Peace,
 Our labours may be crown'd with more success.
 The World of late in Wars has bin engag'd,
 And stern ~~Envy~~ through all ~~Europe~~ rag'd;
 Famine, and Pestilence, and Beavers reign'd,
 The blushing fields with civil Gore were stain'd.
 The gods were all averse, who can remount
 Those crimes, which do the reach of thought
 surmount.
 The violated Laws, the broken faith,
 And Nations guilty of their Sov'raigns death?
 And heavier ills then these had yet remain'd;
 If *Lewis* from the gift of Heaven obtain'd;
 Had not with pow'rful arms, and greater mind,
 Repair'd our fortune, ere it quite declin'd,
 Then having stretch'd his bounds from shore to
 shore,
 That he might arts and manners too restore,
 And

And through the World the golden age re-
new;

The rains of Justice great *Lament* to you

He gave, and you ore his Tribunals plac't:

When led by you *Astrea* shall, at last,

Return to us agen, as we have cause

To hope from the beginnings of your Laws;

Then shall the Earth in her first glory be;

And those new arts and methods which by

thee

T' improve their Plants the Husbandmen re-

ceive,

Shall ever in thy native Soil survive.

Thus much of Gardens, I at *Clermont*

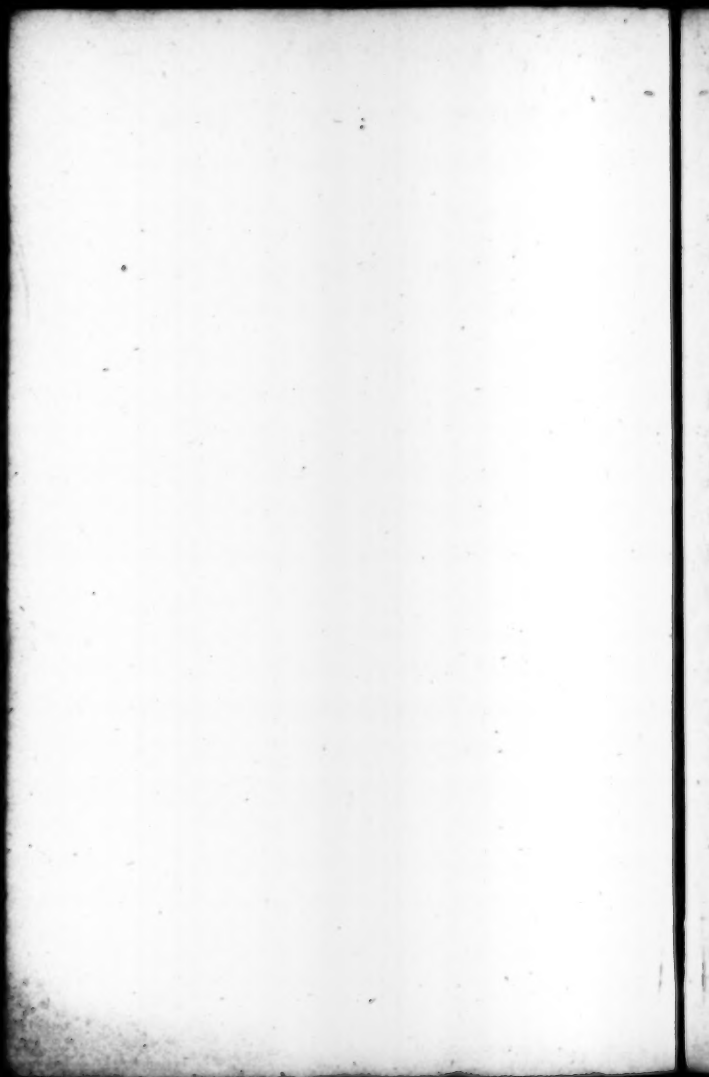
sung,

In thee sweet *Paris*; treading all along

Those

Those sacred steps; which *Virgil* led before,
When blest in her affairs, in her King more,
Ore willing Nations *France* began to sway:
And made the universe her Pow'r obey.

F I N I S.





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T A B L E

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